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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We much dislike inflicting "shop" on readers and friends; and the question of the supply of raw material, of the gross pulp or body, out of which the "Saturday Review", like all other papers and books, has to be made is very shoppy. But we are driven to shop because the Government, for excellent reasons, have drastically restricted, and will further restrict, the amount of this raw material which papers, weekly and daily, are allowed to consume. It will be necessary to abolish the "remainder" system, and therefore in the near future nobody will have any chance of securing his or her copy of the Review except by ordering it well beforehand at the usual agents, or at the office, 10, King Street, Covent Garden. We venture, then, to suggest to all friends and readers that they shall now place a definite order for the Review with their agents.

Even as it is, with what are known as "remainders"—i.e., copies provided for casual buyers and readers—largely restricted, people write to us to say that at this stall and at that paper agent they frequently fail to get the "Saturday Review"; and other papers, weekly and daily, often receive the same complaint. But it is unavoidable under the present conditions; and, as we have said, what has been only difficult will become simply impossible when fresh and inevitable restrictions are imposed by the Government on the whole Press as to the amount of paper to be consumed.

To conclude, there is one way, and only one way. All friends and readers of the "Saturday Review" should at once place an order for it with their usual paper agents. Otherwise they certainly will not be able to obtain their copy.

There is humour in the sudden unmasking of the plot of Germany to bring Mexico into the war against the United States. We cannot profess to be scandalised or to have our feelings outraged by this extraordinary incident, simply because we recognise

that Germany sticks at nothing to attain her ends, and will not stick at anything. This is really no new revelation; for before the war began, months if not years before, German agents concocted grotesque plots against the British in South Africa and against the French in North Africa. Tunis was to rise against France. All the arrangements had been laid well beforehand, and the ground appeared promising. Not that these were isolated instances; all over the world conspiracies had been thought out and worked up by German agents. On the whole the work was botched. What has Germany achieved by this duplicity everywhere? Has she done much in the United States, in China—where her agents have swarmed—in North or in South Africa? Has she done much in Spain, in India, in South America? We think not. In Turkey she did, it is true, prevail; but was that not considerably through British inattention—to put it mildly? One would like to hear the opinion of a real authority, such as Mr. Hogarth, on this point.

Germany plotted successfully, it is said, in Bulgaria. But, again, was the British line very adroit there? And, anyhow, Bulgaria did not go in with Germany until Germany was at the full tide of success in the Eastern theatre of war. Germany worked hard underground to secure at least the neutrality of Italy; and Italy, to her lasting honour, went in with the Entente when the fortune of the Entente was low. Greece remains to be considered: well, Germany has not achieved by intrigue mighty things there—though a cynic may say that is not the fault of the Entente. The truth is that Germany's forte lies in naked, savage, unabashed warfare—the warfare that recognises no mercy, no morality. After all has been said, she has done infinitely more by the mailed fist—the fist that slays women and children with as little compunction as it slays armed combatants—than by the hidden hand. We must never lose sight of this truth.

What the Allies have to do is not to lose time and

precious energy to-day in arguing with the Zimmermans and the Bethmann-Hollwegs, and not to waste indignation over the Papens and Bernstorffs, but to concentrate more and more on the work of striking at the German armies in the two great theatres of war. More soldiers, more shells, more ships—here is the only reply worth making to German plot this and German argument that: the scoring off Germany and exposing her in any other manner is mere diversion, tedious enough to-day and not effective. Our sailors and soldiers grasp this truth, but there are publicists who have not yet understood it. There are those who with the house on fire would sit down to a controversy under the roof as to the cause of the ignition.

We like Japan's way of noticing the incident, cool, contemptuous, and short. The Japanese Government has simply instructed the Kokusai Agency to say that the proposal which Herr Zimmerman rejoices in has not been made officially to that country. The plot is described by the Japanese Prime Minister and Cabinet as "an evil dream of degenerate minds". That is very well put. As to Mexico, the danger to the United States from that quarter is not acute. What the United States and also Great Britain have to fear in that matter is lest their stocks and shares may still further deteriorate. As it is they appear to be almost as damaged as the German strongholds on the Somme and Ancre.

President Wilson's position continues to be one of great difficulty. Austria in her long and wordy Note clearly reflects the German position; its wording indeed, especially the reference to the obstinacy and malignancy of her enemies, is in a style worthy of the Kaiser himself. The Memorandum maintains that it is against international law for armed merchantmen to oppose the right of capture by warships. Austrian submarines are, however, not likely to be so dangerous to American trade as German, because, it is pointed out, they operate only in the Adriatic and the Mediterranean. The obstructive defiance of a dozen Senators to the Armed Neutrality Bill will, it is thought, not delay the President's action. His inaugural address to Congress on Monday declared that "we have been deeply wronged upon the seas", and in a further statement he pointed out that rules ought to be revised which have permitted a small group "representing no opinion but their own" to make the Government of the United States "helpless and contemptible".

The Germans fell upon the French this week at Caurières Wood, some seven miles north-east of Verdun, and claim to have captured a position there over 1,500 yards in length, with over five hundred prisoners and machine-guns. They have certainly had a success, as lately in the Champagne; but one does not gather that any of the great forts is in danger. The forts mean everything to Verdun; and, of these, Fort Vaux, on the north-east, between Verdun and Caurières Wood, is by far the most important and dominating on that side of the Meuse, though in last year's wonderful chronicle of the Verdun struggle Fort Douaumont appeared to readers perhaps to be an even more dramatic name. Vaux and Douaumont, before the magnificent rally of France near the close of last year, were both held by Germany, and Fort Seville was gravely threatened. There is another fort which should not be forgotten, Tavannes, to the east, which played a grand part in 1914, holding out against the Crown Prince's army and saving General Sarrail's flank. It is older-fashioned than this ring of Vaux and others around Verdun, but none the less it will have an immortal place in the history of the war.

As to how people can completely disappear through intensive shell fire—referred to lately in an article in the REVIEW entitled "Vaux and Verdun"—the following might be mentioned. A certain high military

official to one of the fighting fronts towards the close of last year was going round or making one of the customary tours arranged for visitors; he was in by means a dangerous spot. On the contrary, he was far back from the fighting lines, well out of range of machine-gun and rifle, and perhaps of lighter field guns. But whilst he was examining one of the villages where fighting last year had been severe a chance shell removed him. Nothing ever seems to have been found of him. He had disappeared as completely as the vast bulk of the wood which once clothed the plateau of Vaux. There must have been many instances of this kind during furious fighting at the front; but this incident is worth mentioning in that it occurred several miles behind the fighting line.

The figures promised by Sir Edward Carson concerning sailings and submarines are now available for two weeks, the latter ending on March 4. In each of these weeks there were twelve unsuccessful attacks on British merchant vessels, and the arrivals and departures of ships have substantially increased during the fortnight. Losses have slightly decreased—a fact which is satisfactory, though it gives no occasion for loud peans.

Reticence is wise in regard to the remarkable messages about China and Germany which have been printed this week; but we may say this—it is an entire mistake to suppose that all this we hear about China and Germany to-day is new. The Entente has had, from quite early in the war, strong friends and powerful backers in that country. We have a notion that it was Napoleon who once said in effect that China, if she could but organise her man power, would dominate in the world.

The two outstanding political events of the week have been the Dardanelles Report and the Irish debate. We deal with the Report in a leading article. The former clears things up with a vengeance, the latter leaves things in a more hopeless mess than ever. Trying to straighten out the Irish tangle always seems to have the effect observed when an angler in fading light finds his gut cast horribly kinked and tangled and tries to right it by pulling apart the two ends. He has to give it up and go home disgusted. The Nationalists passionately asked for "free institutions"; Ulster intimated temperately but resolutely she would not go under a Home Rule Parliament; the Prime Minister promised Home Rule to Nationalist Ireland and freedom from Home Rule to Ulster. Mr. Redmond flung down his gauntlet to the Government, declared he would negotiate no more, and, calling his company to attention, marched them out of the House, jeering as they went. The position is hateful, but we must be careful not to lose our sense of proportion. It does not mean the paralysing of the British Army in France—not at all—nor the paralysing of the British Navy. It does not mean financial crisis or ruin. Nor does it mean the defeat of the Government. We are not drawing men from Nationalist Ireland, or money, or munitions to speak about, or anything else indispensable to the conduct of the war. Messrs. O'Connor, Devlin, and Dillon are not withdrawing their powerful support from the war; for, materially, they have not given such support.

In the debate on the Army Estimates this week there was a little of the normal nagging at the war authorities for their alleged muddling of the man-power question. But the great bulk of these querulous complaints against the War Office are quite unfair. The War Office before the Military Service measures became law was simply compelled to collect men. It was not able to choose scientifically, methodically, the right men. It had to get them when, how, and where it could; whilst the Ministry of Munitions, on coming into being in the summer of 1915, had to do likewise, becoming thereby a dangerous rival of the War Office in the man-

collecting business. The difference between the two was that whereas the War Office had to hunt right and left to get the men, the men were ready to hunt right and left to get into munitions. Large bodies of young unmarried men rushed gaily into the arms of the Minister of Munitions in rushing away from the arms of the War Office.

The War Office, then, had to get the men in those days how, when, and where it could; and, even so, it was only able to keep the Army going through the great exertions of a few indefatigable workers, first among them, of course, being Lord Derby. "But", insist the critics or grumblers, "now that it has these Military Service Acts the War Office ought to pick and chose the right men, and never take people from the plough and other great national occupations". The grumblers entirely forget that the Military Service Acts were accompanied by exemptions and badged occupations almost innumerable, and the tangle that resulted has yet to be straightened out. The War Office is considerate and moderate in its demands for recruits. If it were much more so it would fail altogether in its principal duty, and our divisions could not possibly be kept up to strength. We should then fail in the war. Why will not reasonable people keep this clear truth in view?

The attempt of a body of partisans and pacifists to stir up ill-blood between Lancashire and India over the removal of the Indian Excise duty on certain cotton goods is perfectly deplorable. India has just made a noble contribution of £100,000,000 to the carrying on of the war. It is not short of outright disloyalty to the Allied cause to incite Lancashire, as a group of people are doing to-day, to protest against the removal of the Excise. We will not discuss it.

In the House on Tuesday Mr. Barnes, the Minister of Pensions, gave some figures of the work in his department. The Ministry had on their books disabled men, widows, children, and dependants to the number of 673,741. He had arranged with the War Office the precise time at which a man should be discharged from a military hospital, and that, after he was declared no longer fit, he should be kept for another three weeks, and then treated by the War Office as an out-patient in his own district. The new scale of pensions and allowances arranged by Royal Warrant, which Mr. Barnes explained, is a decided improvement, and was generally welcomed by the House. No one will grudge the expense of it, large as it may seem, and some will think that more might be definitely done for disabled soldiers. But the arrangements are on the right lines, and we are glad to see that in exceptional cases £100 may be given. The question of men passed into the Army who should never have been there is no doubt difficult, but, as Mr. Barnes said, "the State must assume some responsibility, because the doctors passed them". The hurry and scurry of earlier days will not, we hope, be repeated. It is as far removed from efficiency as the policy of "Wait and see", and was largely due to that disastrous system of drifting. "Fortune sends in some boats that are not steered", but it is just as well to steer them.

Lord Devonport has been conferring with the Hotels and Restaurants Committee concerning food economy, and some decisions may be shortly expected. Restaurants throughout the period of the war have been doing an increasingly large business owing to the shortage of domestic servants, and a marked improvement on the previous attempts at restriction is urgently needed. Hotels are increasingly taking up a meatless day, which is no great hardship when fish can be procured. London clubs are also adopting both meatless and potatoless days. Friday is being generally taken for the former and sometimes Tuesday as well. The shortage of potatoes will be serious for

some time to come, and every effort must be made to economise in this direction. Some selfish or thoughtless households do not seem to realise this. The new order concerning bread will come into force next Monday and will not, so far as we can see, cause any great difficulty. Public and private opinion ought to coincide as to these orders. They are necessary, and we have every confidence in the ability of Lord Devonport to take the best measures to meet the situation.

The average Englishman is not great at detail, but we hope the London public will have the sense to remember and use the new numbers which are to be added to the addresses of letters, so as to lessen the work of sorters in the Post Office. We meet from time to time people who have an uncanny knowledge—almost as extensive and peculiar as that of Sam Weller—of the various districts of London. Some of these over military age could surely be employed to strengthen the staff of the Post Office where it is weak, even if they could only give part of their time. Part-timers were scorned in the early days of the war; they got no answer to their offers, when they were undoubted experts in the work they suggested. A wiser mind prevails nowadays, we believe, among officials. It is a little disappointing to learn, as we did the other day, that the rough sorting arranged by post-boxes for "London and abroad" and "the country" is futile. In this case, at least, all the letters from the two boxes were gathered into one heap, so that the preliminary division the public made was apparently useless.

It is possible to view with philosophy the approaching abolition of newspaper posters by order of the State; possibly it may interest readers and friends to learn that the SATURDAY REVIEW decided and took prompt steps to discontinue its posters so far back as June 1916, when the danger of paper shortage began to grow clear, and when it also grew clear that economy in the use of paper was a pressing public duty. The reason why it was perceived to be a pressing public duty was this: the greater the amount of paper material imported into this country, the less the amount, obviously, of various foodstuffs and other absolute necessities of life and civilisation.

The truth is, of course, that all posters should have been drastically cut down or—like those of this REVIEW—have been completely abolished in the middle of 1916 instead of in the spring of 1917. There has been a grave waste of paper, reckless extravagance, for the best part of a year past. However, now the posters are to go, and we do not imagine that the eyes or ears of the public will suffer any serious ill or inconvenience thereby.

The insane myth that Lord Kitchener was not drowned when the "Hampshire" went down, that he still survives and is a prisoner somewhere, apparently cannot die out. It is owing, not to the presence of imagination but to the absence of imagination in great masses of people that this preposterously absurd fiction has sprung up and flourished. It is cruder and clumsier fiction than any of the gush about ducal lovers which enthralled the poor scullerymaid—and yet what tens of thousands of people have been titillated and agog about it! There is a point, by the way, in regard to Lord Kitchener which is worth noting. Mr. Maxse, in his article this month on "The Kitchener Myth", says that Lord Kitchener's mission to Russia was known to exceedingly few people in journalism before the "Hampshire" started. We are rather surprised to hear that. Lord Kitchener's death, through the sinking of the "Hampshire", was announced on Monday. So early as the previous Thursday, at about midday, we were told that he was engaged on this mission; and we had supposed that it was known fairly well before the close of the week.

LEADING ARTICLES.

THE DARDANELLES REPORT.

THE Report of the Dardanelles Enquiry is a heartening victory in the cause of public safety and efficiency. What is more, it is the kind of victory which is extremely necessary and indispensable if we are to hold our own in the future against not Germany alone, but the great pressing competitive forces of the world to-day. It is a victory because it does not funk and palter over the question, but in a straight and clear manner dispassionately gives the blame to the great figures who deserve blame. We are sorry to find that Lord Kitchener must be included in the list of those who come grievously out of this abortive and disastrous adventure which humiliated Great Britain before all the world and which brought upon her a terrible loss in life and in treasure. (We cannot here consider any incidental compensation which came out of Gallipoli: no doubt incidental advantages came out of Walcheren. Emerson might have argued that Spain got some out of the wreck of the Armada.) The Commissioners were perfectly right to include Lord Kitchener's name: it was right that his reputation should not be spared, for the national interest demanded the whole unflinching truth without respect to persons, however exalted, or to political or military or naval reputations. We are sorry, however, that the fame of Lord Kitchener should thus inevitably suffer, for in other directions he did great service to the State. His name alone conjured armies into being, whilst his solid—and his imaginative—work in North Africa, and in other parts of the Empire, will, we believe, endure. If a monument to Lord Kitchener is required we may look round and find one in Africa, in India, perhaps in Australasia; unhappily, not in Gallipoli. This is a distasteful admission, but the Dardanelles Report wrings it from one.

The late Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, the late First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Churchill, and Lord Fisher—to name the principals—come sadly out of the Report. There will probably be in many quarters a loud cry of "impeach them". Impeachment belongs to the past. It is dead, and for practical purposes forgotten. What is much more likely, and much more practicable, is that the vast mass of the intelligent people of this country, with virtually the whole of the peoples of Greater Britain (especially, perhaps, Australasia), will decline stiffly to give those who embarked on and mismanaged Gallipoli another chance. Their public careers, so far as positions of great responsibility are concerned, are—who can doubt it?—closed. It is right that they should close. *Δρασάντι παθεῖν* is the world-old rule for men and women generally, and public servants ought not to be privileged out of it. People who in private undertakings make a disastrous muddle, who fail in their undertakings, rightly suffer. It is monstrous to exempt people who fail deplorably in public affairs and damage the common weal through rashness, ineptitude, or any other fault. And those who failed in regard to Gallipoli were inept. It is really no exaggeration to say that they were in the plight of the music-hall performer of whom it was remarked, "E don't know where 'e are". One would not be too censorious; but all this blame, and a great deal more, is in the findings of the Commissioners. There is no escaping this icy, merciless document. The Report is, the Report stands.

There is one thing to be profoundly thankful for: the Report does not visit its displeasure on any leading member of the Government—on anyone who is in the front rank of the few who are primarily responsible to-day for the conduct of the war. The public may well sigh with relief when it reads the Report and runs through the names set forth, and feel that it is not to-day, at any rate, living over a powder mine of muddle and inefficiency which may suddenly explode and blow us all sky-high. We are not in Gallipoli to-day, nor are we in the hands, either political or military, of those who took us there. It is hard to say which of these two reliefs is the more profound.

KUT: AND THE LURE OF THE EAST.

THE defeat of the Turks at Kut and far beyond it on the way to Baghdad reminds us once more that the Pan-Germanists have two great aspirations:

"Praesens divus habebitur
Wilhelmus adjectis Britannis
Imperio gravibusque Persis".

On the one hand, the sea-power of Great Britain was to be overthrown, so that Germany should secure, even in time of war, free access to her colonies overseas, and obtain from those colonies the raw materials for her industries. On the other hand, there was to be a great consolidation of Central Europe, which was to be gathered under the wings of the German Eagle, and the Teuton Power was to extend its unbroken sway from Hamburg to the Persian Gulf. When these objects were attained, the Hohenzollerns were to be as gods upon the earth.

The events of the war, the loss of her colonies, which have fallen, one after another, into our hands or those of Japan, have proved conclusively that the time is not ripe for the expansion of Germany by means of vast possessions separated from the Fatherland by great expanses of ocean. Hence we see the eagerness of Germany for peace while the war-map shows her in possession of the road to Constantinople and the East.

German designs on Asia Minor and Mesopotamia are based on a close study of history and geography, and especially, it would appear, on the campaigns of Alexander the Great. The famous Macedonian conqueror passed into Asia not far from Constantinople and inflicted a heavy defeat on the armies of Darius soon after he had effected his landing. But, instead of pursuing these armies, he turned southwards, subduing the seaports of the western coast of Asia Minor. Later on he turned north-east, towards Angora, and thence again in a south-easterly direction, till he reached Adana. Not far from here he fought his second pitched battle with the Persian forces, the battle of the Issus, and again secured a great victory. But once more he refrained from pursuit of his beaten foe, and, following his former method, turned southwards, capturing the great ports of Tyre and Sidon. From Syria he passed on into Egypt, and it was not until he had returned to Syria and received from his admirals an assurance that they had established their supremacy at sea that he began his advance towards Persia itself. Starting from near Aleppo, he crossed the Euphrates and marched eastwards till he struck the Tigris near Mosul, in the neighbourhood of the ancient Nineveh. It was in this region that the famous battle of Arbela was fought. Once again the Macedonians triumphed, and once again their great leader refrained from pursuit, preferring, according to his deliberate methods, to march southwards, to capture the treasury of the Persian Kings at Babylon and Susa, and to consolidate his position before he advanced further into unknown regions.

Here we must leave Alexander, as the German designs have not been developed further than the Persian Gulf. But, although Alexander's campaigns are very ancient history, it is most interesting to trace his course from Macedonia to the Persian Gulf, for, if the plan of his route is compared with the lines of the railway from Haidar Pasha to Baghdad, the two will be found very nearly to coincide.

About one hundred and fifty years after Alexander had passed away, the Romans, in their turn, felt the call of the East, and for nearly six hundred years they fought with varying success in Asia Minor and Mesopotamia. The Odes of Horace are full of references to the defeat of Crassus by the Parthians. Mark Antony, ere he succumbed to the charms of Cleopatra, had gained laurels as a general in Asia Minor; the Emperor Trajan penetrated at least as far as Ctesiphon, whither Marcus Aurelius followed him in his turn, and in the year 260 A.D. the Emperor Valerian was defeated and captured by Asiatic foes. A hundred years later Julian the Apostate led a great expedition into Mesopotamia, in which, though it

ended in disaster, he showed high qualities of military organisation. Basing his operations on Antioch, he started from that point in the spring of 362 A.D., at the head of 83,000 men. Worthy successors of Caesar's legionaries who built on the shores of Northern France the ships which were to transport them to the coast of Britain, Julian's soldiers prepared from the forests at the foot of the mountains a flotilla for use on the Euphrates. Following the course of that river, Julian moved southwards till he was nearly west of Ctesiphon. Here a great task confronted him, for it became necessary to transfer his flotilla from the Euphrates to the Tigris. The magnificent system of canals which had existed in the great days of the Persian Empire had fallen into decay, but Julian set his soldiers to the Herculean task of clearing the mud and silt from one of these neglected channels. Into this the waters of the Euphrates were diverted; the flotilla entered the canal, and ere long the Roman army deployed under the walls of Ctesiphon.

It was this expedition of the Emperor Julian which, many centuries later, attracted the special attention and study of Napoleon. The great Corsican examined three schemes for reaching the British possessions in the East. One plan was to work in conjunction with the Emperor Alexander of Russia and to strike at India via Russia and Khorassan. But this idea was abandoned, and Napoleon landed in Egypt, hoping to combine land operations based on that country with maritime operations by way of the Indian Ocean, where the French then held naval bases in the island of Mauritius and in Madagascar.

Napoleon's descent on Egypt must be condemned as a rash exploit, for naval supremacy in the Mediterranean was essential to the success of such an operation, and when Nelson destroyed the French fleet at the Battle of the Nile no one was quicker than Napoleon himself to see that his schemes had come to a disastrous end.

It was after his failure in Egypt that Napoleon turned his special attention to the expedition of the Emperor Julian, which has been outlined above. It is said that he proposed to land an army at the mouth of the river Orontes, in Northern Syria. Thence the force was to march to Marash, about one hundred miles north-west of Aleppo, and from the forests in that district they were to prepare a flotilla. Embarked on this, they were to float down the Euphrates until they reached Basra!

Reviewing thus briefly the operations of Napoleon and Alexander the Great, we see the one failing in his plans against the East because he was unable to secure supremacy at sea, while Alexander, acting with much greater caution, refused to advance, even after great victories on land, until he had occupied the naval bases of the Persians and cleared their ships from the seas of the Levant. And his precautions did not end here, for he protected himself by securing Egypt and the great cities of Mesopotamia before he entered Persia, and after he reached Afghanistan he turned back, before marching on India, and prosecuted two arduous campaigns against the Scythians, in the districts now known as Bokhara and Samarkand.

The dangers against which Alexander thus carefully guarded himself and the soundness of his strategical methods are illustrated by the position in which the Germans now find themselves in Asia Minor, for though our sea-power avails not to prevent them from penetrating to Mesopotamia as long as the line of the Baghdad railway remains untouched, yet their power of movement is gravely threatened by British forces based upon Egypt and Basra, and may be compromised at any moment by a successful Russian advance in Armenia. Indeed to-day it is obvious that everything depends on the co-operation, so far as this may be possible, of our great Ally in that part of Asia Minor.

Still, the breakdown of Pan-German plans as regards expansion in Asia Minor is by no means so complete as the collapse of the hopes of forming a great German colonial empire overseas, and the more completely that

the latter are shattered, the more desperately may we expect the Germans to fight for the retention of their hold on Central Europe, the Balkans, and Asia Minor. The victory of General Maude's army at Kut, and the total rout of the Turks there, is a fine bit of news; but we must not forget that the Turks as a nation are far from subdued, and that they have great reserves to draw from, released as they are from all anxiety at Gallipoli.

It was stated above that under present conditions we threaten the German position in Asia Minor from Egypt; but we must bear in mind that were Germany to remain in possession of the Baghdad railway she might, under other conditions, and when her armies are not so fully occupied as they now are, render our position in Egypt untenable. The struggle must therefore be continued until the Germans are driven out of Asia Minor, and the Russian declaration that they intend to hold Constantinople and the Dardanelles shows that they will go on fighting until this exclusion of the Germans from the Near East is obtained.

To the Teuton mind it will probably appear most harsh and unjust that Germany should not be allowed to expand in either of the ways suggested by the Pan-Germanists, that she should be deprived of her overseas colonies, and blocked from access to Asia Minor. But Germany has only herself to thank if she receives harsh measure. In a recent book by P. Evans Lewin, entitled "The German Road to the East", Canon Parfit is quoted as follows: "Whilst living for a few years at Jerusalem I watched the erection of three remarkable buildings—the magnificent German Roman Catholic church on Mount Zion, with the highest and noblest tower in Jerusalem, that dominates the whole city; the massive German hospice near the Damascus Gate, which everyone declared to be ridiculously like a fortress; and a beautiful mansion, or sanatorium, on the heights of the Mount of Olives, with another huge tower that commands the Jordan valley, and is furnished with a wireless installation. It is rumoured that this installation has been of inestimable value to the Germans since the outbreak of war".

If Germany had done nothing worse than this, if she had not torn up treaties, trampled on agreements signed at The Hague, tried to induce natives of Africa to keep pigs, so that they should not be likely to embrace Islam, subjected English men and women to gross indignities in East Africa, in order to make the natives think that the British were the slaves of Germany, her methods in Jerusalem would suffice to condemn her. A nation which uses the cloak of religion and charity to conceal deliberate preparations for aggressive war can hardly expect to receive from civilised communities sympathy and assistance in enlarging its sphere of activity and influence.

THE GERMAN RETREAT.

THE most singular school of opinion which has held forth on the war since 4 August 1914 is surely that which to-day is disconcerted because the Germans have retreated on Bapaume as hard as they can go.

"It is a trick", says one pupil in this school of Mad Hatter and White Rabbit; "the Germans have evacuated Gommecourt and the Butte de Warlencourt in order that they may overwhelm the French in Alsace".

"Look at the superior strategy of those beggars", says another; "they've gone away after the British have battered the ground to bits, and left us to scramble about and perish in the shell holes and mud which our own gunners have made!"

A third is distressed because we have not taken prisoners—though he was not particularly interested when we took them in thousands on the Somme last year. "How is it", he says, "that we have captured scarcely any Germans or their guns? I don't like it. I am afraid these Germans have been too much for us once again."

In fact, the idea generally is throughout the Dismal Jemmies who comprise the anti-Somme school that we ought not to have allowed the Germans to go, and that now there is no catching them till they have exchanged the mud and marshes for terra firma and then dug themselves snugly in, whilst the poor outwitted British are shivering in the cold and likely to be "decimated" by shell fire.

We suggest the above is not at all a travesty of the favourite fears and theories of the misérables who, from the traditional armchair or "sanctum", have greeted with a wail the retreat of the German army on the Ancre and the Somme. The whole of this talk is silly and ungrateful. The ingratitude is the worse feature of it; for when the men who have suffered the greatest of hardships and perils learn how ungracious people at home are moaning that they have achieved little or nothing, they will feel bitterness. There, of course, is no trick whatever about the German evacuation of positions like Gommecourt and Grandcourt and the rest; there is no superior strategy or tactics whatever in the move; and it is not a method by which the French can suddenly be swooped down upon and broken in Alsace or elsewhere. The Germans have retreated from these places and are making a stand at Bapaume because their position had become untenable through the patient, skilful and exact plans of the Somme campaign last year, and had they not departed their front would have become thoroughly demoralised. The position of the British Army in Gallipoli was judged, rightly or wrongly—we believe rightly, though many think the contrary—to be perilous and untenable; and one night we withdrew. But if there were any Osmanlis or Germans who regarded that expedition's withdrawal as a trick or as a perilous sign that our Army had only gone away in order that it might fall upon and overwhelm them elsewhere they were mistaken; and they flattered us too much. The truth is we went because, with the forces at any rate at our disposal, it was no longer safe to stay. Precisely the same considerations have drawn the Germans away from Gommecourt, Grandcourt, Miramont, Serre and the whole of that pounded and unbearable line. The analogy must not be forced; but it may be carried a little further, thus: We withdrew from Gallipoli because the enemy defensive became ultimately too much for us there, and the enemy has withdrawn from Gommecourt and these other places because our offensive became ultimately too much for him there.

In the Press last Tuesday there was printed this statement by Reuter's correspondent at British Headquarters in the Field: "The British Army is now holding more than twice the length of front it was occupying some twelve months ago, while the number of German divisions confronting us is more than double. Indeed, at the present moment, the British Army is probably faced by nearly as many of the enemy as the French, and these include a very large proportion of what remains of the flower of the German army." That may be accepted without hesitation. It explains clearly enough why it is the Germans are increasingly uneasy over the British menace, and why by a withdrawal from their positions between the old Somme battlefields and Bapaume they are taking precautions for withdrawing still further if need be presently and shortening their line of defence. We have a great and very powerful army in front of us, and behind that army is a resolute nation that is far from being starved out. The continuous adamant pressure, however, is telling. We have to trust to a military direction which has proved easily the most successful in offensive that we have known so far, and we have to support it with patient sturdy effort at home. Impatience here is the very friend that Germany desires. It is cowardice.

THE MORAL OF MEXICO.

IT is permissible to an Astronomer Royal, as to less distinguished persons, to revel in the glory of a fresh summer morning. Unofficially he may go farther and rhapsodise over the daily miracle of the dawn. But if, as Astronomer Royal, he expresses astonishment at seeing the sun rise in the east, he is either a humbug or an incompetent. He ought not to have house-room at Greenwich.

If it is the Astronomer Royal's business to know something of the habits of the sun, it is the business equally of all publicists to know something of the nature of our chief enemy. Yet every new act of Germany seems to occasion surprise. Until official chapter and verse were given for the Mexican plot the matter was treated in several quarters with scepticism, and when it could no longer be disbelieved it was sermonised over as something quite out of the way. Here, we were told, is at last an example of what the German is really capable of. While protesting that friendship with the United States is "the most precious heirloom of Frederick the Great", he is actually inciting a Mexican adventurer to take up arms against the Republic. With hypocritical professions still on his lips concerning a future reign of universal peace, he is seeking an extension of the war as horrible as unnecessary. And so flows the cascade of commonplace. Americans, we are told, must now recognise what the victory of the Germanic Powers would imply for themselves as for the rest of the world. The master villain is unmasked. The most innocent American of them all can no longer believe in the legend of a peace-loving Germany hemmed in and made desperate by implacable foes.

We could understand all this two and a half years ago. We cannot understand it now. There is nothing more immoral in the Mexican affair than there was in the attempt to set alight the great mass of combustible elements in the Moslem world simply that Germany should boil her own pot over the blaze. The cynicism of the transaction is no more appalling than the cool perfidy shown to Belgium. The treachery was, indeed, committed while "friendly relations" still subsisted between Berlin and Washington; but at least there was a reasonable expectation that the United States might rightly take hostile action of some kind against Germany. It was, on the other hand, in a time of profound peace that plots were hatched against this country—in India, in South Africa, in Persia, and in Ireland—and the wires were laid for that vast network of intrigue which has embarrassed our action in every continent.

All this we know, and the world, including America, knows it. If there were still disinterested Americans a month ago who clung to the theory that Germany was as much sinned against as sinning they must have belonged to that numerous class which thinks in headlines and catchwords and attaches a mystical importance to large type. The chief importance of the Mexican revelations, indeed, is that Mr. Hearst has had as a mere matter of business, to use his largest type for that as for other sensations, and so the "man in the street" does at last dimly realise that the war is his business, and not simply an item in the cinema programme.

Even in America, however, the status of the "man in the street" may be greatly over-emphasised; and as for thinking Americans, including the President, their impressions are not likely to be seriously modified by these revelations. They have long ago known Germany for what she is, but they know also what a difficult complex is the United States. The outside world has had this week in the American Senate some glimpse of the difficulties which beset a Government bent on action opposed by all kinds of short-sighted interests, by a wrong-headed idealism, by a powerful and well-organised German faction, and by a minority strong in its hatred of everything British. It will be wise for us on this side to recognise with sympathy the handicaps of Dr. Wilson, and to refrain from impatient inquiries as to when, and how, and where America is "coming in". That is America's affair. The President, in our view, owed a duty to

mankind which was not fully discharged until 3 February of this year. His supreme obligation is to his own people, and it is impertinence for foreigners to offer counsel or criticism.

For ourselves, the moral of the Mexican affair is obvious. It may be conveyed in the Sophoclean warning against the folly of "crooning charms over a sore that needs the knife". The time for argument, invective, lament, and weak ejaculation is past. If a lie needs refutation, let it be refuted without adjectives; if it carries its own denial, let us not waste paper and ink and energy in condemning it. The indictment is now complete for all practical purposes; an extra count or two matter nothing. We need all our strength to arrest and punish the criminal, still most formidable after thirty months of our rhetoric.

It may be taken, in short, for granted that Germany will do her worst, and we can guess what her worst will be. She will stand at nothing before she accepts defeat, and the mood of stoicism which is a necessary condition of the Allies' victory is not encouraged by those who are perpetually finding food for astonishment in her every fresh enormity. The alternative stated by Bernhardt, "world-power or downfall", is no new figure of speech; it strictly corresponds to the facts. From the moment that German troops crossed the Belgian border near Visé a fight to the finish was predestined, and every loss the enemy has since suffered only adds to his determination to get some final compensation for his sacrifices. War, as Prussia's chief industry, must declare some kind of dividend lest the control pass from the present directors. There is a certain class of company promoter who never loses heart until he hears sentence given at the Old Bailey; he knows all the risks, but he knows also the laxity of officials, the loopholes of the law, the expense and labour attendant on a prosecution, and he goes on playing double or quits till the crash.

Germany is in that position. It is as dangerous for her to stop as to go on, and she has always the chance of a stroke of luck which might compensate her for much that she has suffered. Though her case is viler than that of former schemers for the hegemony of Europe, it is not essentially different. The same lack of proportion that permits visions of world empire to be achieved, not by patient, life-long effort, but at once and by armed force, explains the savage desperation of the frustrated dreamer. If civilisation is not to be a rich prey for him, then at least it can be made a gruesome wreck. If he cannot lord it over a rich province, he will leave his enemy only a desert. It is the spirit of the disappointed burglar who revenges himself by cutting the pictures and polluting the furniture.

The quarrel between Germany and the richer and older civilisation is to be ended only by the destruction of one or the other party. It cuts as deep as the old antagonism between Islam and Christendom, which allowed of truce, but of no lasting peace. We stand for domestic liberty and public law in Europe; Germany for slavery at home, with anarchism in international relations. The issue may not be for ever decided in our day; but it is certain that the present war will decide the tendency of the struggle. Germany is fully alive to that fact, and her policy, if fortune turns definitely against her, will almost certainly be to inflict a maximum of injury on the territories she is compelled to retrocede. Her enemy of the present being also her enemy of the future, she will endeavour to maim and bleed him to the utmost. We must expect deeds in Northern France, Belgium, and Poland to compare with the havoc of the scourges of Asia. Germany has no character to lose, and will probably see some material advantage to gain, by a policy which, moreover, accords with her old instincts and her present mood.

Not alone the inevitable slaughter of the battlefield, but woes of another and still more horrifying sort, may lie before the Allies. It seems more rational to prepare the public for these fiery trials, to urge people to action and fortitude, than to keep up the pretence that we are fighting an ordinary foe whose lapses from received practice can be made the subject of argument.

THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (No. 136) BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL F. G.

STONE, C.M.G.

(I.) ARMING MERCHANTMEN.

IN a leading article in this REVIEW of 6 January the question of the protection of our Mercantile Marine by means of suitably mounted guns was discussed. It was pointed out that all authorities agreed that merchant ships might be, and in former days invariably were, armed for their own defence without contravening the custom of war or the provisions of codified International Law.

While every maritime Power was within its rights, therefore, in arming merchantmen for defence, it was, at the same time, within the discretion of any other Power to refuse the hospitality of her ports to such ships, and it was on this question that we failed to come to an agreement with a certain Power at the time that all the other neutrals had agreed not to regard such defensively armed merchantmen as warships.

It was further pointed out in the article referred to that to arm a merchantman by placing a gun in its stern was a half-measure, and did not fully attain any other object than that of maintaining the most friendly relations with the demurring Power, and enabling her to take some sort of a stand as against German dictation.

It was, however, understood that the difficulty had been got over, and that all our ships, suitably armed in such a way as to be really able to protect themselves, would be welcomed without demur in any port. Apparently such is not the case. At the moment when we are fighting for our existence against German submarine piracy of the most ruthless description the First Lord of the Admiralty confesses that our merchant ships are still only armed with a gun at the stern!

In his memorable speech on the Navy Estimates the First Lord made the following statement:

"As far as I can gather, of armed merchantmen that escape there are about 70 per cent. or 75 per cent., and of unarmed merchantmen 24 per cent."

Commander Bellairs: "By an armed merchantman, does the right honourable gentleman mean one with a gun in the stern only?"

The First Lord of the Admiralty: "I do."

It seems almost incredible that at such a juncture as this there should be insufficient provision to meet the most serious menace which we have yet encountered. The First Lord says, "We had, in the first place, to get guns in competition with the Army, we had to get the mountings, and, above all, we had to get the gun ratings". And we have been at war for two and a-half years, and this is our condition of preparedness for meeting a process of attrition of the Mercantile Marine of the world which has been steadily increasing in intensity until it has culminated in the present effort—which again will be intensive if Germany can make it so.

The First Lord, indeed, began that portion of his speech which dealt with the submarine menace with the following words:

"I come now to deal with the submarine menace. It is not a recent menace. It has for months and months been a growing menace, staring us in the face. . . . My duty is to tell the House and the country the whole extent of the menace. It is grave; it is serious; and it has not yet been solved. I can honestly say we have never for a moment ceased to work at it in the Admiralty. No single magic remedy exists." We commend this last sentence to the notice of those who have been carrying on a campaign for the restoration of Lord Fisher to the Admiralty. The First Lord continued: "We have established at the Admiralty an Anti-Submarine Department, composed of the best and most experienced men we could draw for that purpose from men serving

at sea, whose whole time is devoted to working out problems of this nature".

The speech on the Estimates, as a whole, was so admirable, and inspired such confidence in the First Lord, that no further notice was taken in the slight debate which followed of the reply to the question of Commander Bellairs, and that gallant member contributed nothing more to the debate than the expression of a wish "to impress upon the Admiralty that to arm merchant ships only with a gun in the stern was not sufficient".

But it would certainly have relieved the House and the country to hear that the Admiralty fully recognised the necessity of adequately arming all merchant ships in a suitable manner as fast as the guns could be mounted and the gun crews trained.

(II.) THE GERMAN COLONIES.

Dr. Emil Zimmermann, writing in "Der Tag" of 20 February ("Morning Post", 21 February), declared that "a German-American war must arouse a feeling of hate of everything German that will certainly last long after the conclusion of peace, and persecution of Germans in the United States by 'an Anglo-American mob' may be expected". Dr. Zimmermann realises that Germans and German goods will be looked on differently by Britons and Americans after the war than was the case before it, and he sees only one means of counteracting this danger: this is, the establishment of a great German-African empire, the existence of which would enable Germans in the United States and English Colonies to say, "If you oppress and worry us, we shall go to Great German Africa and will help there to increase the competition with American and English regions which furnish raw materials. . . . The larger and better equipped Great German Africa is, the wider it opens its doors to all Germans who have grievances in any part of the world, the more civil liberty is permitted, the more certainly will this great German colonial empire become a force that will compel especially the United States and the British Colonies to treat their Germans and Germanism among them properly."

It has been known for a long time that Germany's ambition was to establish her African colonial empire right across Africa, from east to west, from the Indian to the Atlantic Ocean, by a carefully organised campaign of "peaceful penetration", thus countering the British line of development from the Cape to Cairo. Cecil Rhodes foresaw this and took such measures as our shortsighted Government permitted to save us from being hopelessly handicapped in the future.

Mr. Long's authoritative statement at Westminster City Hall on 31 January, that the conquered German Colonies would never revert to German rule, must have been received with the greatest satisfaction throughout the Empire, but with quite inexpressible relief in the Union of South Africa and in our South African Colonies, as well as in New Zealand. (See "Appreciation No. 134".)

In making this announcement the Secretary of State for the Colonies said that he was "speaking with knowledge and full responsibility with regard to the German Colonies of which we had acquired possession since the war began, and as the representative of the vast Overseas Dominions"; and, he continued, "Let no man think that their struggles for these Colonies have been in vain. Let no man think that these Colonies will ever return to German rule. (Cheers.) It is impossible. Our Overseas Empire will not tolerate any suggestion of the kind."

A fortnight since it was stated in this Review that "the annexation question will be at once a plausible pretext and a deadly weapon"—in the hands of the Little Englanders—"to sow dissension between this country and the Dominions". Sure enough, the campaign was opened in the House of Commons almost while these words were being written, in the debate on the conduct of the war (20 February). It might have

been expected that Mr. Buxton and the rest of them would have been summarily disposed of.

But Mr. Long's reply to the critics—such as they were—of the declared policy of the Government, in respect to the disposal of the German Colonies after the war, seemed to lack the vigour of his earlier utterance on the same subject. He said: "There was no foundation for the statement which had been made in the course of the debate that he had been repudiated by the Prime Minister". It would have been more satisfactory if he could have said that on the occasion in question he had fully represented the Prime Minister's views and the policy of the Government. To say merely that he had not been "repudiated" strikes one as leaving something to be desired. Mr. Long said that "his hon. friend was incorrect in quoting him as saying that on no consideration should Germany have any Colonies. He never used any language of that kind". It would have been much more satisfactory if he had repeated, and thus emphasised, his statement of 31 January above quoted.

But in his next sentence he seems to make it clear that "he was speaking as Secretary for the Colonies and expressing the opinion of those whom he was specially to represent—our Dominions and Colonies in all parts of the world, and also of many people here—and the language he used was used as representing solely the Dominions and many people who shared that view".

This is watering down the significance of his statement of 31 January at the Westminster City Hall—"Let no man think that these Colonies will ever return to German rule. It is impossible"—to a somewhat alarming extent; and it will come as a disagreeable shock to the Dominions concerned to find that the inspiring statement which had completely allayed the uneasiness which had been felt since the presentation of the Note to the President of the United States, containing our statement of aims and policy in the war as affecting terms of peace, was, after all, not a reflection of the considered policy of the British Government, but merely a repercussion of the views held and expressed in the Dominions principally concerned. It is greatly to be regretted that Mr. Long inadvertently created an impression throughout the world by his statement of 31 January which has required to be corrected and confined within limitations which largely rob it of its value. This makes it more necessary than ever for the "many people here" to do all in their power to make the Government and the nation realise that we have a question at issue before which even the loss of our American Colonies pales into insignificance. For this reason, if for no other, the representatives of the Dominions principally concerned must be met with unreserved sympathy and ready acceptance of their rights in the claims which they have "pegged out".

If anything were wanting to emphasise the danger of allowing German Colonies to exist alongside our own in South Africa it will be found in the report of the Commission of three Judges of the Supreme Court of the Union of South Africa appointed in November 1915 to inquire into the origins of the South African Rebellion. The report was published in Cape Town on the 20th of last month. There is quite sufficient in this judicial report to damn the Germans for ever as colonial neighbours; but there is considerably more evidence which would not be considered admissible in a judicial court, but which is, nevertheless, perfectly pertinent and well known to those who are in close touch with South African affairs. Here is the material for a moral indictment of Germany embracing a wider field than that covered by the Commission's report, so wide indeed as to include the Highest in the Fatherland.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

AT THE FRONT.—IX. THE SOMME TO-DAY.

BY AN OFFICER IN KITCHENER'S ARMY.

PICTURE the Somme before the war: a chalk country, with all that 'that implies of rolling downs, crisp turf to walk over tirelessly for days on end, sudden little valleys. Almost like much of the south of England; but still unmistakably French: no hedges anywhere, crops in every place that would shelter the grain and give it depth enough to take root. And the inimitable French villages: Maurepas and Mardecourt, set upon their hills, with their one or two straight streets, their barns with walls of mud and straw, their houses with the invariable suggestion of a town suburb. In the middle a group of trees—trees almost everywhere, in fact—and on the edge of the village, Le Cimetière, with rows of ornate memorials. And in contrast Combles, nestling in a valley, with woods on one side, open country on the other, but still quite shut in by steep little hills, a blaze of red roofs among green fields.

Picture them now, or come and see them. Hardecourt simply does not exist, though its main road does. Scarcely a tree stump marks the place, and many a man has gone through the village without knowing it, or, if he be a reader of maps, has stopped a moment mystified, saying, "Surely there should be a village here". Maurepas, though in little better case, is at least recognisable. It stands high on a hill, and a great mound with twisted, shattered stumps on it, stands out as a landmark, and is a sign that once ordinary human beings lived there. And as you climb the steep hill and go forward on the road to Combles a pile of bricks here, there a few shreds of clothing, a broken water cart, the coulter of a ruined plough, all show that this was a place where once men lived, married and were given in marriage. Combles itself actually has a few houses standing: not houses in the house agent's sense, perhaps, not desirable residential properties, but at least three out of four walls will be standing, and there will be a roof, even if it lacks tiles, and the larger holes in the walls bear some relation to the original position of the windows. Decidedly Combles, though a ruin, is yet the best preserved village in these parts; for, though shelled, it has not been blotted out; it has not given up all claim to existence, like its neighbours. We can still point to it and say, "There is Combles"; whereas of Hardecourt we say, "It used to be here".

The villages, then, are gone: once the work of men's hands, they are returned to the original earth whence they came. Made first of necessity by man, rational, human, loving, they have now been destroyed, again by man, but by man transfigured, fired by something above emotion, which knows how to lose the material that it may find the spiritual. Man's work has gone; but what of the immemorial countryside all round? Some men have seen, and history has told, of whole counties laid waste by fire and sword, of farms burnt, crops pillaged, and the whole left desolate for years to come. But the twentieth century has progressed beyond that—far beyond. In the old days it was enough to burn houses and crops, and to trust to a rigorous climate to prevent the exiles from returning; in these days that is not enough. After the war civilisation will doubtless be as lavish with money to restore as it is now with the means of destruction. But for the moment it destroys utterly, not merely all signs of human occupation, but the very face of the earth. Woods in the distance look like a gigantic comb with half the teeth missing and the rest snapped off at various lengths. There is no suggestion of trees, from a distance: hardly even of tree stumps, for where a branch survives it hangs by so thin a strip of bark or fibre, and droops in such an unnatural attitude, as to suggest some nightmare, topsy-turvy growth, some weird realm where branches grow not upward to the sky, or straight out by their own strength, but downwards to the ground, as if they were ashamed to be on

earth at all, and would fain escape again into the soil which brought them forth. As you come closer, the look of desolation strikes more strongly: it is possible to see that these once were trees, but they are maimed and twisted into impossible shapes: they have literally been through the fire; they are pierced and cut and blown to pieces; in places a shell has penetrated without exploding, and sticks in the trunk like some poisonous growth. Everywhere are the marks of the fury of war, and the soldier marches, as it were, in the track of a storm more terrible than any that have yet come out of heaven. Underfoot it is the same. Where once was soft leaf-mould, dry and crackling, giving promise of anemone and bluebell, there is now no continuous path. Everywhere you must turn to this side or that, to skirt a shell hole or an unexploded bomb, a grave, or one who has died and found no burial. Nowhere may a man walk through the woods as he should, care free, rejoicing in the comfort and strength of Nature. At every step he must be alert, to avoid the results of his own handiwork, and not for a moment may he forget the grim purpose which now holds him. When the enemy has once been cleared from a wood much may be done, nay, must be done, to wipe out the traces of battle; but these will always remain, the grim holes with their pools of water, red, or green, or yellow from explosives, the few ordered graves, the traces, that time alone will remove, of the nameless dead.

That is the keynote of this wintry land. In these days, when Spring is still to come, and no advance is possible to uplift heart and imagination, death seems to be stamped on every acre; death, not of man, but of Nature. Scarcely a living thing is to be seen. Birds of the air and of the field are fled. There is nothing for them to eat on the ground, and the air is full of strange flying things and fierce vibrations. Who can be surprised that they flee to more peaceful scenes? Stationary trenches they do not mind, but these desolate waste lands scare them. And so with the other animals that used to frequent the trenches. Even rats and mice are become rare creatures; they cannot face gas shells and explosions which blow their burrows sky high.

The colour of the whole is a dull brown, for everywhere, in spite of rain and shells, men have gone, and wagons, and have trampled everything into mud. By a grim irony, behind the lines one can still see the notice boards of last summer: "Wagons and troops on the march will take this path in dry weather". And the board overhangs a large pool of water, and the old track is lost in the sea of mud that surrounds it. And yet the whole army cannot move, eat, and sleep on metalled roads. Camps must be made, horses must be stabled, guns dragged into position. And if there is no road, why, the shortest way is the quickest, and if half a hundred wagons have gone that way, axle deep, the day before, that is no reason why to-day's load of shells or rations should expect to find a firmer path. So into it they plunge, whips going, horses struggling gamely till they drop, and the battery reports "One horse deficient". Somehow, sometime, the supplies have got to go up, and up they go, with an effort. Least of all do the infantry expect a hard road. As for the people who are relieved, instead of digging themselves "in", they have to dig themselves out, and it is a common thing for a whole platoon to be held up because one man is over knees in tenacious clay.

Taken all round, the outward surroundings are distinctly depressing; it is not a place for weak or sickly men. But, as always, it is the spirit of a man that matters. A strong man with a faint heart will be in hospital within a week; a man with his heart in the job will carry on through colds and "flu" and rheumatism and everything else. Nobody out here professes to be enjoying themselves; there is regret for good friends gone, boredom at "the daily round, the common task", and sometimes worse than boredom. Logically, we all ought to be pacifists; but, fortunately, the British Empire as a whole is not logical. Behind all the weariness and hatred of present conditions there

is a much greater hatred of the nation which is making us endure those conditions, and many sentiments that would sound inhuman and unreal on a public platform carry a terrible force on the lips of men who utter them out here. Always before their minds is the time when it will not be the land of France that is thus outraged, but another land and another people. All things come with the Spring: the grass will be green once more, and new trees can be planted. And, if it may be, and if peace on our terms does not come first, the enemy, too, shall have in his own land some memorials of the war.

R. H.

WHOM THE GODS LOVE.

BY BISHOP FRODSHAM.

THERE is no more pathetic puzzle in literature to-day than the sudden burst of song from those appointed to die in the heyday of their youth. Perhaps all boys and girls who are above the average in imagination feel some sort of inward compulsion to express in verse their swelling consciousness of life. Their words may limp far behind their thoughts and feelings, but life is like a burning fire shut up in their bones that they are weary of forbearing and cannot stay. The attitude of these youthful poets to the children of their imagination is curiously diffident. Their first instinct is to hide their poems away, even from the eyes of those whom they know to be most kindly. And if the whole truth be told, usually they are glad in more experienced years if this instinct has not been thwarted by their own acts or by the acts of misguided friends. An example of this may be found in "Poems by Two Brothers". Alfred Lord Tennyson's own estimate of his youthful work, even though it brought the boys twenty welcome sovereigns, was contemptuously severe. "My early rot", he is said to have called it. And full of juvenescent promise as that work might be, it could not stand the test of comparison with that of later years.

Judged by the standard of Tennyson, most poets would fail either in youth or age. But the puzzle to-day is not only that so many young men have burst into song, but that they are so mature both in form and matter. They may even seem to be masters of technique, although, as every writer knows, mastery over words does not come usually without long servitude. Their poems not only have fire and beauty, but pathos and depth, which do not come often before life has begun to ebb towards its great climacteric. It will be said: "Oh, yes, of course; but the war has made all the difference". This, perhaps, is true; but the enunciation of a truth does not make it less puzzling. The tense strain upon their emotions—at least this seems to be the usual case with the English—makes men dumb with regard to their deepest feelings. They cannot speak during the strain, and if the tension is relaxed, as it is during short or long leave, the contrast between the pleasures of peace and the grotesque horrors of war is so stupendous that they feel themselves trebly dumb. It may be objected that the spoken word is not the same thing as the written word. Many who are dumb can and do write, but young men now write so much better than might be expected. They show a realisation of the unity of life beyond their years. Not a few mothers have honoured me by showing me letters that their boys have written on the eve of death, letters which must tear the hearts of their recipients to shreds and tatters, and yet leave such mothers the proudest women upon earth. Before the war I could not have dreamed the same boys capable of writing these letters, of feeling so maturely upon matters involving often deep mystical experiences.

It is not easy to assess the spiritual dynamics of such a war as the present one. It is no ordinary war. It is a world climax. It has cut sharper than any two-edged sword—piercing even to the dividing of soul and spirit. But why should the form of poetry be so good

in these bad, sad days? Before the war a great biblical scholar, who was no mean literary critic, declared that the book of the Lamentations could not possibly have been written during the days of a siege. The elaborate external form of the dirges—they are the most elaborated examples of all Hebrew poetry—forbade the very idea of their being contemporaneous with the horrors described. Who could write acrostics when the hands of the pitiful women were soddening their own children? Such a priori criticisms have been falsified. From the trenches there has come not only understanding verse, but ballads, rondeaus, villanelles, *chantes royal*—the most rigid in form of all poetry. Nothing is more simple than the mechanical imitation of Provençal versification: nothing more difficult than to breathe life into these dry bones of the past. Villon succeeded, for he wrote in his own strange times. Swinburne succeeded, but Swinburne was a master of verbal music. And these young poets, writing in a dug-out under some inward compulsion, or to while away the impracticable hours, have succeeded also.

Another a priori error has been falsified. The rumbustious poetry of peace finds a small welcome from those who know the actualities of war. The last thing an experienced soldier cares to write about is the paraphernalia of battle, or the mad intoxication of "going over the top". His thoughts turn to far different scenes. The song of a lark or the sight of a little meadow flower carries within it the secret of that which is eternal. Though he cannot close his eyes to the things that are seen—the blasted trees and the pitted earth—he yet can catch a transient glimpse of the things that are not seen, but which are infinitely more beautiful because infinitely more eternal. These experiences are not the concern only of the cultivated nor of the young. The middle-aged Gloucestershire farm hand who can neither write nor speak of what is in his heart, and who spends hours in the midst of the abomination of desolation cultivating a few flowers to remind him of his thatched cottage in the Severn valley, knows what I mean.

Last September a gallant young Guards officer went over the top somewhere in France. In March he found in Laventie, "where the mud is churned and splashed about by battle-wending feet", a tiny deserted garden sheltering some daffodils and a "bush of Daphne flower". It would be difficult to better for pathos the boy's description of all that these things meant to him:

"Hungry for Spring I bent my head,
The perfume fanned my face,
And all my soul was dancing
In that little lovely place,
Dancing with measured step from wrecked and
shattered towns
Away . . . upon the Downs.
"I saw green banks of daffodil,
Slim poplars in the breeze,
Great tan-brown hares in gusty March
A-courting on the leas;
And meadows with their glittering streams and silver
scurrying dace,
Home—what a perfect place."*

The writer of the above lines was only one of the many boys who were hurried from school into France. E. Wyndham Tennant was at Winchester in 1914. If a Wykehamist does not know how to scan, what can he do? But surely this sonnet is above the average of a school boy:

"A finer heritage than house and lands
Is mine: for on the canvas hanging there
More love is centred and instilled more care
Than in broad acres. He who understands

* "Worple Flit." By E. Wyndham Tennant. B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. 2s. net.

What deep-laid passions ebb'd through brush and hands

Of these brocaded masters, long since dead
(Their souls are with us yet, tho' life has fled),
Let him who feels the magic of their wands
Thank God afresh, and let him sit and gaze,
Trying to stir within his troubled mind
The splendour of those oft-depicted days.

With what romance is every portrait lined!
Each sweeping stroke a softly-flowing phrase,
That word by word its story doth unwind."

The particular pathos of this poem lies in the light it throws upon the future freighted with such fearful experiences. Those who say that there is nothing in being an Englishman, nothing in birth and breeding, are foolish folk. And it is mainly to show how real is this possession that I have ventured to use here the last letter written to his mother on 20 September 1916: "To-night we go up to the last trenches we were in, and to-morrow or the next day we go over the top. Our brigade has suffered less than either of the two other brigades in Friday's 'biff' (15th, the day Raymond* was killed), so we shall be in the forefront of the battle. I am full of hope and trust, and I pray that I may be worthy of all my fighting ancestors; the one I know best is the bust of Sir Hugh Wyndham in the hall of 44, Belgrave Square, and there is another picture of him on the back stairs at No. 34,† just below that painting by Sholto. We shall probably attack over 1,200 yards, but we shall have such artillery support as will probably smash the Boche line we are going for, and even, which is very unlikely (D.V.), if the artillery doesn't come up to our hopes, the spirit of the Brigade of Guards will carry all resistance before it. O darling Muth, the pride of being in such a great regiment! The thought that all those old men, 'late Grenadier Guards', who sit in London clubs discussing their symptoms, are thinking and hoping about what we are doing here! I have never been prouder of anything, except your love for me, than I am of being a Grenadier. That line of Harry's rings thro' my mind, 'High heart, high speech, high deeds, 'mid honouring eyes'".

When I commenced to write I never hoped that I could explain the puzzle I have stated so imperfectly. At the back of my own mind, however, is a belief in the truth of the ancient fancy that an early death is sometimes a true mark of divine love. So, too, there may be some inwardness in the Siberian traveller's tale that the cygnus olor, "when wounded, pours forth its last breath in notes most beautifully clear and loud":

"What is that, mother?" "The swan, my love.
He is floating down to his native grove. . . .
Death darkens his eyes and unplumes his wings,
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.
Live so, my son, that when death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home."

"Home Thoughts in Laventie" is the last song in "Worple Flit"; the last words, "Home . . . what a perfect place".

THE PANAMA CANAL.

By BERTRAND SHADWELL.

THE Isthmus of Panama, which I have lately examined in detail from ocean to ocean, measures at the point at which the canal has been constructed about forty miles across, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. There is a narrow strip of marsh and swamp along the Atlantic coast, but the land rises, almost immediately, into a broken country of small, semi-conical hills, from 300 to 800 feet high, which are covered with dense tropical jungle. These hills (which may be said to represent the end of the Rocky

Mountains, or the beginning of the Andes) continue clear across the Isthmus, and down into the waters of the Pacific Ocean, where they lift their crests as a number of small, rocky islands. Down the middle of the Isthmus runs a considerable stream, the Chagres River, flowing, at first, from east to west, and then turning north into the Atlantic Ocean. The damming of this stream at Gatun, by means of the stupendous Gatun Dam, and the formation thereby of the astonishing, because entirely artificial, Gatun Lake (162 square miles in area, 90 feet deep, and 85 feet above sea level) was the central and vital achievement which rendered the construction of the Panama Canal a possibility.

Entering the canal at Colon (the Atlantic end) we first pass the usual breakwaters, and, reaching smooth water, steam up the channel, indicated by buoys, and enter the canal proper, whose general direction is, roughly speaking, from north-west to south-east. The actual length of the canal, dredged and excavated, is, almost exactly, fifty miles.

Seven miles from Colon, we reach the magnificent Gatun Locks, each of which is 1,000 feet long and 110 feet wide, and each with an average lift of 32 feet. The Gatun Locks are arranged in three parallel and identical pairs, so that a ship can pass through, either on the right or on the left. At the entrance to the locks is a gigantic indicator, like the minute hand of a prodigious clock, turning upon its axis, to show an approaching ship into which of the pair of locks she must pass. Vessels must not steam through the locks; they are towed through by electric towing locomotives, running on rails on either side of each lock. Having entered the first lock, the rising water (which flows in very rapidly, from 100 points at the bottom of the lock) lifts our ship about 30 feet in ten minutes; and she passes into the second, and then into the third lock, where the process is repeated; so that she can now steam out into the Gatun Lake, 85 to 90 feet above sea level, and the highest point to which she will be lifted. The channel through the Gatun Lake is indicated by buoys, which carry lights after sunset.

Twenty-four miles beyond the Gatun Locks we reach the celebrated Culebra Cut, where it was necessary, by a labour of Hercules, to excavate a passage through the crest of the Isthmus. At the highest point, nearly 600 perpendicular feet of earth and rock had to be dug and blasted away. The length of the Culebra Cut is about nine miles. The earth and rock are of the most loose, spongy and slippery texture; and the most exasperating and disheartening landslides have occurred here. Whole hills have maliciously cut loose from their foundations, and laboriously crawled into the canal. These slides still continue, and dredging will be necessary for at least two years.

The Culebra Cut ends at the Pedro Miguel Locks, where the descent to the Pacific Ocean begins. These locks are in every way identical with the Gatun Locks, except that there are, at Pedro Miguel, only a single pair of parallel locks. We enter the lock shown by the pointing arrow of the giant indicator; our ship is lowered about 30 feet by the ebbing water, and we pass into the comparatively small artificial lake of Miraflores, through which we steam. Two miles farther on we enter the Miraflores Locks, which consist of two parallel pairs, and here we descend, in two steps, another 55 feet or so, and are brought down to sea level. Five miles farther on we enter the Pacific Ocean, after passing one long breakwater, which is here extended to some small islands a mile or more from shore. The time of passage through the Panama Canal is ten hours, of which three hours are occupied in passing through the locks. The width of the canal varies from 500 to 1,000 feet, and the width at the bottom of its channel from 300 feet to 650 feet. The length of the Gatun Dam is 8,000 feet, its extreme width 2,600 feet, and its height above the normal level of the Gatun Lake is 30 feet. The cost of the canal, which was originally about \$375,000,000, has been increased by the frequent landslides to \$400,000,000. An average of not more than ten ships a day are now pass-

* Raymond Asquith.

† 34, Queen Anne's Gate.

ing through the canal. This absence of traffic must be owing to war conditions. Ships carrying cargoes pay \$1.25c. for each registered ton, and ships in ballast 75 cents a ton. The canal is now not quite paying operating expenses, although very nearly.

COMMANDER JONES.

THE story of Commander Jones, V.C., of H.M.S. "Shark", who lies in the North Sea somewhere off Jutland, is about the best that has ever been told. Such a thing, based on hard fact, the living truth, is much more satisfying to those who hunger for a hint of immortality than crowds of séances and spirit rappings and flummery. Commander Jones, wounded in the leg, went to the single remaining gun amidship and helped to keep it in action in the fight on 31 May 1916. Another British destroyer came to the rescue and tried to shield the "Shark" from her foes, who were closing in and firing into her at short range; but Jones ordered his protector away—he did not want a second British destroyer lost. A shell carried away his leg above the knee as he worked at his gun. He still fought his ship all right, and gave orders to run up a new ensign, the other being shot off. A little later and H.M.S. "Shark" ended, the commander going down at his post after ordering the men to take lifebelts.

"We have won great glory, my men.
And a day less or more,
At sea or ashore,
We die—does it matter when?"

It has been said somewhere that in war man can make his own immortality; and certainly there is something worth following up here. One of the terrible stumbling-blocks of the faithful—and of those who would like to be faithful—is the notion of immortality being vouchsafed to worms and clods; by which is meant not the ordinary earthworm nor the clod in garden or field, but the crawling human worm and the dull human clod. One man, one immortal soul is hard of acceptance: it is a little too, may one say, "democratic" for everyone to accept; and so honest doubt steps in with its "Can man be immortal?" But, on the other hand, who could bear without some divine discontent the other proposition—that even a man like Commander Jones ends at the close of the business here? Raleigh's claim the night before his appointed end fits better our mood when we read of the "Shark"—"My God shall raise me up".

G. A. B. D.

CORRESPONDENCE

MANIPULATIVE SURGERY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Much misconception pervades the campaign which has for its object the recognition of bone setters in our military hospitals. It is apparently not known, or, if known, is ignored, that in practically every command there is an establishment wholly devoted to the restoration of function to joints and muscles which are more or less crippled, and that these establishments are under the direction of a surgeon of the first

eminence in this line of work. Great attention is being given to the subject, both in this country and in France, and, in addition to this provision, not a few of the general hospitals treating soldiers have departments specially equipped with elaborate and expensive apparatus for the exercise of the various muscles and joints, and staffed with fully trained masseuses. But perhaps it might be urged this is not the same thing, so that it may be useful to examine more closely the claims of the bone setters. There is a prevalent notion that the methods of the bone setter are arcana, unknown to, and not practised by, qualified surgeons. This is an error. To the lay man who witnesses a dislocated shoulder or hip rolled into place with a minimum of force it appears almost magical, and, indeed, to medical men old enough to remember the ruder methods once in vogue it is hardly less striking. Skilled manipulation in these cases cannot be denied to be of the utmost value, but the bone setters had no part in these advances. Indeed, apt as they are to tell their patient that something was out and they have replaced it, it is rare for them to have to do with real displacements, demonstrable by the X-rays, a test of which they have not been fond. Now and again, however, they do score a striking success. The late Mr. Hutton, whose name will be remembered by the older generation as the best-known exponent of the art, felt himself to be under great obligations for medical attendance through a long illness to Mr. Wharton Hood, a well-known surgeon, since dead. Mr. Hutton offered to show him all he knew; the offer was accepted, and Mr. Wharton Hood learnt and practised the methods, even treating during a subsequent illness Mr. Hutton's gratuitous patients, though he refused to take over his paying patients. After Mr. Hutton's death Mr. Wharton Hood felt justified in publishing a book in which the manipulations are set out and illustrated, and from this book those curious in the matter may learn what there is of good in the methods.

Mr. Hood tells us that Mr. Hutton was quite ignorant of anatomy and pathology, and, moreover, did not wish to learn. The successes he obtained, sometimes striking, were mainly in the breaking down of adhesions, which are prone to form after injury, and particularly if too long rest has been given to moving parts. It is probable that the regular practitioners were prone to enforce too much rest, and, in view of possible calamity, were too cautious in breaking down adhesions, which in some cases form very quickly, but such is not the modern practice. But Mr. Hood warns us that the often forcible procedures of the bone setter are of value only if in the hands of a person endowed with medical knowledge, who will know when to abstain.

Apart from all this, there are other aspects of the question. It must be remembered that the soldier patient in hospital is under military discipline and is not quite a free agent to select the person by whom he shall be treated, nor to take on his own shoulders the responsibility of electing to run a risk. The responsibility of submitting him to treatment at the hands of a person possibly devoid of medical knowledge would, in case of calamity, be a very heavy one. The infliction of permanent injury, the loss of a limb, even the loss of life, are not unknown in this relation.

There is yet another difficulty: the campaign has been conducted on behalf of a particular individual, but there are many other bone setters, and once dispense with the test of professional capacity afforded by a diploma, how is it possible to discriminate between them?

F.R.C.S.

WHY GERMANY DEFIES AMERICA AND HOLLAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

28 February 1917.

SIR,—It is not often that a German publicist is allowed to speak quite frankly of the motives underlying the military policy of the nation, and yet

Professor Jannasch, of Berlin, appears to have done so in an article in "Der Tag", quoted by the Berne correspondent of the "Morning Post" on Tuesday. "Germany's policy", Dr. Jannasch declares, "obviously is to accomplish as quickly as possible, with all the means at her disposal, the utter and complete defeat of England, and then to come to terms with America and the rest of the world".

Assuredly we shall be wise to assume that this, rather than the "last act of desperation" assumption which you took to task so roundly a week or two ago, is at the bottom of the unprecedented outbreak of insolence, first to America, then to Holland, which we have just witnessed. No one knows better than the enemy the vital importance of his being on the best of terms with all the neutral Powers when the war is over—above all, with America and Holland. Consequently, we may take it that in now affronting those Powers as he has never thought politic to affront them before, his confidence in the ultimate outcome of a campaign which, in its initial stage, at any rate, involves such a course of action must be great indeed. In other words, the measure of the colossal risks he is taking in adopting a policy which, in the case of defeat, will ensure his being ostracised by every civilised Power may be taken as the measure of his confidence that defeat does not await him.

In believing that he is mistaken it behoves us never to lose sight of the fact that the latest action of the enemy is that of the "strong man armed", glorying in his strength; not that of a baffled, weakened, despairing foe, driven to acts of madness. The submarine menace is grave, but not necessarily the gravest menace ahead, even in the naval sense. The mere fact that the enemy has for months past left no art untried in attempting to convince us that, hopeless of success in any other form of naval offensive, he is staking all on the submarine, goes far to prove that he is doing nothing of the kind.

The general public, it is true, appears to have largely accepted this declaration at its face value; but, happily, the great State Department which, more than any other, holds the fate of the nation in its hands, is run not by the general public, but by tried seamen, who, knowing the enemy and his methods to the core, may be trusted to deal with him effectually, provided that the unfailing support of the whole community is arrayed behind them. If it is not, if, instead, insidious suggestions of doubt as to the thorough efficiency of the Board of Admiralty lead to periodical outbursts of popular clamour, then, and then only, can Germany hope to achieve her intention of settling with the neutrals as a victor, not as the vanquished.

Yours faithfully,
REALIST.

IRELAND'S SHARE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
Oak Lodge, Guildford.

28 February 1917.

SIR,—Ireland still remains a constituent part of the United Kingdom, presumably under the same Government as Great Britain; this being so, its inhabitants should exist under the same laws as those of the kingdom. Ireland should therefore be obliged to perform her proportionate part in assisting in the defeat of the Huns and their allies.

It would be interesting to know how many millions of the thousand subscribed to the new War Loan were received by our Chancellor from Ireland. To temporise with malcontents has never proved to be the safest way of governing them.

Yours obediently,

H. E. DOLPHIN,

Lieut.-Colonel.

(Retired, Royal Artillery.)

THE FRANCHISE AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

4, Sandford Road, Ranelagh, Dublin,

20 February 1917.

SIR,—I noticed with some interest a letter from a correspondent suggesting that the owners of property should have some protection from excessive taxation. In one sense it is a good thing to have sufficient property to be taxed; but it is another thing to be penalised simply on account of having possessions which it is easy to take. The compromise included in the Speaker's Bill really confers the franchise on all men with a fixed residence. Now all legislation regarding internal reform of government should be tabooed during the war, for it is highly controversial. The only measure which could be justifiably passed during the conflict with Germany would be an Act providing that no elector who was absent from his home owing to service in the Army or Navy, or who was engaged in work connected with the war, should lose his vote. The most reasonable way of settling the women's claim would be to confer the Parliamentary franchise on women who were householders or £10 lodgers, without extending in any way the franchise which men possess. Proportional representation should be applied to the whole country. The next electoral reform measure should include, of course, a reform of the Upper House, with the abolition of that Parliament Act which so nearly ruined the Constitution, and which deprived the electors of all control over the House of Commons.

Yours faithfully,
J. K. C. STRAM.

HENRY JAMES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
Public Library, Manresa Road,
London, S.W.,

5 March 1917.

SIR,—In your article on the memorial bust of Henry James recently presented to this library it is stated that "Henry James's books are not yet, we learn, in the library; but it is hoped to get subscriptions to secure them. Without them the bust would be rather futile". This is a misunderstanding, as most, if not all, of James's works are in the library and have always been. What the promoters hoped to secure was the 24-volume edition de luxe to add to the collection as part of the memorial. The position of the bust is not definitely fixed. It was placed in the position referred to for the convenience of the presentation ceremony.

Yours faithfully,
J. HENRY QUINN,
Librarian.

* * These details might have been explained at the meeting. The sum mentioned as wanted for James's books seemed to indicate a considerable deficiency of them in the library.

LATIN AND GREEK.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

8 February 1917.

SIR,—May I deal with the questions asked by "Old Rug" in your issue of 6 January? His letter is an unintentional argument for the retention of the classics as an educational instrument.

Q. What do successful men in different walks in life say they owe to "their classical education"? Will they tell us?

A. A successful man is a man who has made money. Old Rug can obtain an answer if he ever goes to a Mansion House dinner and displays a fascinating but discreet inquisitiveness.

Q. How many of us who went through a public school classical side were sufficiently interested properly to appreciate the subject?

A. About five per cent.

Q. Was it worth all the trouble to each of the thousands of us to spend years of weary worry to discover what is patent in a good translation?

A. Yes. What is patent in a good translation is the excellence of the original.

Q. Are Latin and Greek the only languages to which English owes its derivation?

A. No.

Q. Are not classical productions to be found among living languages, if only we knew them?

A. Yes. The conditional clause is superfluous.

Q. Can we say to-day that character and courage and leadership depend entirely on a classical education?

A. No.

Q. Did Greeks and Romans teach their children through the medium of a language dead to them?

A. No.

Q. After all these years what is the matter with English?

A. Nothing.

Q. How much Latin or Greek did Shakespeare know, or, say, George Eliot?

A. This has been dealt with effectively by your other "Old Rug." His recollection of Bobbie Whitelaw does him credit.

The original "Old Rug." is guilty of one platitude, one untruth, and one split infinitive. Here they are, numbered: (1) A "classic", even the Bible, in whatever language, depends quite as much on its literary "style" as on the thoughts to which it gives expression; (2) . . . the majority of us must perforce be "materialists"; (3) . . . to properly appreciate.

I don't like "per se", and I don't like his inverted commas. I should like to see his ideal school programme for boys between 13 and 19, who are now following the old-fashioned classical routine.

Your obedient servant,

B.

PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The appearance of Sir Oliver Lodge's book coinciding with the exposure, with fines, of a number of fortune-tellers and clairvoyants has led to a suggestion that the whole world of psychical and supernormal phenomena is one vast arena of fraud and trickery, and that there is nothing in any of the investigations which have been carried out of recent years beyond a desire for gain or notoriety. All mediums are regarded as following after Mr. Sludge, who found it so easy and profitable to deceive an emotional subject at an obvious disadvantage. Now I am no supporter of the professional spiritualist, and the physical phenomena with which he amuses the unwary would reduce, if I went to him at all, rather than increase any confidence I might possess. After a careful and lengthy examination of the recent evidence put forward for the survival of human personality after death, I have to admit that it is, though occasionally surprising, infinitely trivial. But I protest against the attitude of a certain section of scientific men, who denounce the whole world of supernormal phenomena as mere trickery and bosh. They are more aggressive than progressive. They do not examine, they merely denounce. This wholesale denunciation I believe to be wholly unjustified. The view of the average public is that "there's nothing in it; if there is anything, it's very wrong". Thus my friend Andrew Lang some time since neatly described the popular attitude. Well, thought is free nowadays, and everybody must settle his own standard of right and wrong. But it seems to me a Philistine proceeding, unworthy of science, to proclaim that there's nothing in phenomena which you have not tried to understand, and which you approach, if you approach at all, in a spirit of marked malevolence.

What people should know is that the Society for Psychical Research is very different from the practising spiritualist. The society has no dogmas to prove; it seeks neither gain nor notoriety. Its work is scientific; it examines everything

as carefully as possible, and is its own advocatus diaboli, seeking causes of error and fraud in its own investigations. Its work has been done by men and women in this country and America who bear distinguished names, and are clearly above suspicion. That work will not, I hope, suffer through the exposure of less worthy practitioners of an entirely different order—of the order, in brief, of Mr. Sludge.

There are mediums and mediums. Some are obviously suspect; others, I hold, are demonstrably honest, and their supernormal results are genuine additions to the possibilities of human faculty—freaks, if you like, but the freak of to-day may be the commonplace creature of to-morrow.

It is, of course, a misfortune that the phenomena observed (or supposed) among mediums should be associated with a trance or hysterical condition of some sort. But this is no mere expedient to secure a condition in which trickery is easier than in a normal state. It is a universal phenomenon observed all over the world, as Lang has pointed out, and as such deserves more credit than it has received. A medium in a genuine state of trance can hardly be held responsible for the trickery which the subliminal self may take on, having some of the vanity of desiring to be more knowing than it is which we see in many excellent persons of well-established credit when they have all their senses about them.

Only this measure of deceit can be urged against Mrs. Piper, who has had an unblemished career as a medium for many years in the United States and this country. Detectives were actually set to shadow her with a view to discovering her pursuit of facts for use, but they never found her doing anything of the kind. In this country—in the late 'eighties, I think—she was carefully observed by Sir Oliver (then Professor Lodge) and other learned inquirers above suspicion at Liverpool, and no witness, hostile or indifferent, convicted her of conscious fraud, or has done since, so far as I am aware.

If we believe in evolution in the physical world we may surely believe in it also in the world of mind. Human faculties must be advancing all round. The misfortune is that when anything supernormal appears it is either whisked on to the music-halls for gain, and naturally begins to be improved by trickery when it fails, or it is utterly scouted by that class of Philistines who never believe anything beyond what they see and know, and feel vastly insulted when an attempt is made to upset their preconceived and well-settled notions. I ask for fair play, for an attempt to understand these supernormal phenomena. I do not ask people to believe in them. I am neither a spiritualist nor a medium, and have had nothing to do with either. My supernormal experiences have been very few—I admit to one—and, as a balance to that crime, I may add that I have had some training in science, and even enjoyed for some years emoluments depending on the knowledge of it.

Yours faithfully,

A STUDENT.

PROHIBITIONIST FANATICISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I question if the correspondent on this subject in your issue of the 17th ult. is right in suggesting that the anti-prohibitionist's is "the larger view". The easier view, the pleasanter view, perhaps, but surely not "the larger"!

Many of us who have seen the horrors of sin, disease, and misery which result from drink cannot look on it as other than an evil at all times; at best self-indulgence, at worst unmitigated horror. But just now! Should it not be every man's privilege to give up his indulgence? If so many have left all they hold dear to lay down their lives for England's honour, should smaller acts of self-denial be grudged by those who cannot go? The material and the labour which go to produce the drink industries are wanted for more serious purposes. We have to see to it that the children of this generation are well nourished in preparation for a strong manhood and womanhood.

For they will have a magnificent inheritance to protect. Already the food arrangements for large families need much ingenuity on the part of the caterer. Shall they be made more difficult still because part of the community must have the luxury of alcohol, legitimately or illegitimately?

Your correspondent says self-interest lies behind this question. Are there really people still left in England capable of putting self-interest first? Is it not the "larger view" to claim that in this hour of destiny patriotism comes first in the hearts of all?

Yours truly,

JEAN GRAHAM.

THE TICHBORNE CASE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Law Society's Hall,

3 March 1917.

SIR,—I entirely agree with your correspondent, Mr. Hamilton Minchin, that "there was a real and wonderful resemblance" between Roger Tichborne and the Claimant. This, in fact, was the strongest piece of evidence there was in favour of the latter. Had the portraits of these two men been shown to me, without my knowing who they were, I should unquestionably have said: "Well, he has grown very stout, but there can be no doubt that the photographs are of one and the same man. The expression of the face, in particular, is peculiar and is exactly the same in each of the portraits."

Nearly all the other evidence, however, was dead against the Claimant; and, indeed, he afterwards confessed that he was an impostor. But, strangely enough, most people relied upon the supposed difference in the appearance of the two men as the most conclusive evidence against the Claimant. They apparently could not imagine that a thin man could become so enormously fat. Such cases, however, frequently occur.

I heard the Claimant lecture after the first trial. He was supported on the platform by Mr. Onslow, M.P., who was a near neighbour of the Tichbornes, and had an unfaltering belief in him.

I remain, your obedient servant,

A. KIPLING COMMON.

CONSUMPTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

26, St. Paul's Road,

Clifton, Bristol.

SIR,—In his interesting letter on "Consumption", in your issue of 17 February, Mr. Nash leaves us in doubt whether he intends it to be understood that he attributes the decrease in the number of deaths from phthisis and other forms of tuberculosis, during the decade from 1891-1900, as compared with that from 1881-1890, as shown by his figures, to the employment of tuberculin treatment.

In a letter in your issue of 2 September last I showed that the employment of tuberculin in the treatment of tuberculosis had been discontinued by the Hull doctors, for sanatorium patients, on the ground that its disadvantages outweighed its advantages; and that it had been discontinued at the Midhurst Sanatorium; also giving Dr. Batty Shaw's statement from an address published in the "British Medical Journal", of 3 May 1913, that "our 'impressions' of proof of cure (by tuberculin) have been put into the scales and are found wanting".

May I further point out that although the number of deaths from phthisis and other forms of tuberculosis decreased in the decade from 1891-1900 by 48,957, as compared with the preceding one from 1881-1890, not only may the decrease have been due to the more rational measures employed to prevent infection, and the more enlightened modes of treating those infected with it, but even then it does not follow that those who would have died from tuberculosis did not succumb to other forms of disease, as

the figures Mr. Nash adduces show that the total death-rate in England and Wales was higher during the second decade by 330,604 than the preceding one.

He further says: "There is not the slightest doubt that the above micro-organism (tubercle bacillus) is the direct cause of consumption, because it is possible for us to communicate this disease to animals by inoculation".

Would it not be more accurate to describe it as "a direct cause of consumption", in view of the fact that, as his valuable subsequent remarks show, tuberculosis arises primarily, especially the phthisical form, from a variety and consensus of anti-physiological predisposing causes and influences. In many cases, as his facts show, the primary exciting cause is attrition set up in the tissue of the air-cells by fine particles of inorganic substances drawn into them in the process of respiration, file makers and scissor grinders heading the list. When the tissue-degeneration of the disintegrating, sloughing lung has reached a certain stage, it then apparently represents the tubercle bacillus, a specific and very low form of cell-life, which, when introduced into a favourable soil in another system, has power to reduce the tissue-cells around it to its own pathogenic equation. Bacteriologists admit that the tubercle bacillus is probably a modification of the tubercle of leprosy. If the nature of pathogenic microbes were not modified by changing conditions of environment, then they would be different from all known forms of life. But as it admittedly is, the capacity of bacteria for pathogenic metamorphosis may be as interminable as the pathological evolutionary capacities of their human host and quarry. This is a painful logical corollary, but accords with the fact that while the forms or symptoms of disease change, its absolute incidence seems controllable only by moral means, involving knowledge and rigorous observance of physiological law in its mental and physical relations. If this be so, man's power over microbes, as over every other relation of his destiny, depends upon acquisition of the knowledge and moral will to control himself, and bacteria through himself.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

MAURICE L. JOHNSON.

A HINT FROM ELIZABETH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Our rulers spend sleepless nights in thinking what food and drink should be taken and what left. Why not go back to an earlier century, and see what men did without in a simpler age? Go back, for instance, to the reign of Elizabeth. That was a great age. For daring by sea and land, for triumphant victory over powerful foes, the age has hardly a peer. What was the food and drink which enabled Elizabethans to do the great things by which they laid the foundations of all the glory of to-day? And what did they do without?

In broad outline this is the picture:—

They had no tea, no coffee, no cocoa, no chocolate, no potatoes, no sugar, no tobacco—or, at least, in only small quantity, and that costly. They had few vegetables, few fruits. They had no tinned food, nothing preserved except by salt. They had meat in all the forms possible in a thinly-populated country, but in winter butchers' meat was salted, not fresh-killed. They had fish, but probably more from fresh water than from salt. They had bread, white and black, made from wheat, barley, oatmeal, or rye.

They all—Elizabeth the Queen down to the lowest peasant—drank beer, mostly small, very small, beer; the few drank foreign wines and spirits.

In brief, they lived mainly on what England produced, with few luxuries and few imports, such as sugar, rice, oranges and lemons, dried fruits, spices, wines and spirits—all probably in restricted quantities.

With adjustments necessary to meet changed customs and a larger population, why cannot we do—or do without—even as they did?

Yours, etc.,

B.

REVIEWS.

A SHEPHERD OF FAËRIE.

"Peacock Pie." By Walter de la Mare. Illustrated by W. Heath Robinson. Constable. 5s. net.

"Songs of Childhood." By Walter de la Mare. Longmans, Green & Co. 2s. net.

MR. WALTER DE LA MARE is the Shepherd of Faërie. With a shining crook he leads from fold to fold. For not alone do his poems brim with the music, colour, magic that children love, but they are tiny pastorals as well, reflecting not less the beauties of "reality", sunrise and sunset, moonshine and starshine, dew and frost, trees and flowers, than the radiant insubstantiality of the elves themselves. The melodies flow sweetly as from a river reed or "green corn pipe". As with him of whom Milton sang, this poet "sees, Or dreams he sees the fairies". And it is his special gift to speed envisagement straight from the imagination to the imagination, and to give us—children all—part in his visions of the small immortals. There is but to watch in the hour

"When the last colours of the day
Have from their burning ebbd away";

or when

"Ere yet the dawn with firelight fills
The night-dew of the bramble cap".

Thence onward we may see and dream, dream and see, until each illusion is merged in light and sound of day. For Mr. de la Mare will have nothing lost. In his vision illusion and reality play at hide-and-seek; illusion gilds reality as in "Silver", reality conserves illusion as in "Sleepy-head". The calling by fairies' voices, the singing in distant woods, are not solely dream stuff, after all! Hear the child in the story:

"Softly I stooped in the dim moonlight
To put on my stocking and my shoe,
But the sweet shrill singing echoed faintly away
And the grey of the morning peeped through,
And the voices that called me were blackbird and robin
Astir in the twilight and dew".

In these two books the faërie empire is restored, or, more correctly, a cobwebbed door is opened to old enchanted spaces of the mind. Once, as Chaucer sings, the land was "fulfilled of faërie". But then the "limitoures", in dread of an anti-sacerdotal power, drove back the tiny shades into the poet-brain, where, as dimensionless, they only bred. Their power, perhaps, yet not their charm, was so destroyed. Let Shakespeare or another open the door a crack, or Mr. de la Mare or another fling it wide, and in a twinkling they are around us, "black, grey, green, white", piping upon a wren's quill, "chattering like grasshoppers", and dancing their "thistledown dance".

"... red with war the gusty Mars
Rained upon earth his ruddy beams.
He shone alone, adown the West,
While I, behind a hawthorn bush,
Watched on the fairies flaxen-tressed
The fires of morning flush.
Till in a mist their beauty died,
Their singing shrill and fainter grew;
And daylight tremulous and wide
Flooded the moorland through and through."

This mastery of the faërie atmosphere never fails. By it all faded fancies stir and shine. Loveliness and "silver stillness" are in the vision of "The Sleeping Beauty": the ordered music of vowels, the cunningly directed service of consonants, the potent magic of sibilant, enhance the envisagement of the "Prince of Sleep":

"His garb was grey of lavender,
About his brows a poppy-wreath
Burned like dim coals, and everywhere
The air was sweeter for his breath.

His twilight feet no sandals wore,
His eyes shone faint in their own flame,
Fair moths that gloomed his steps before
Seemed letters of his lovely name".

Here, as elsewhere, is seen Mr. de la Mare's use for the sibilant. Again, it "hisseth swetely" in English ears. Moreover, do not silver, sleep, shine, sheen, sleek own its domination, and are not they words that, through the subtle sympathy of sound with meaning hold spells for enchantment? It is a charm for sleep. The child is soothed to rest by utterance of the long, slurring "s-s-s-sh" that resembles the sound of the wind in the trees, or of the swaying of ripe corn, or of the smooth rush of far-off water. One is not sure that the reciting of, say, "Silver", would not ensure sleep as certainly as the ancient plan of pouring water rhythmically from one vessel into the other.

"Slowly, silently, now the moon
Walks the night in her silver shoon
This way, and that, she peers, and sees
Silver fruit upon silver trees;
One by one the casements catch
Her beams beneath the silvery thatch;
Couched in his kennel, like a log,
With paws of silver sleeps the dog;
From their shadowy cote the white breasts peep
Of doves in a silver-feathered sleep;
A harvest mouse goes scampering by,
With silver claws and silver eye;
And moveless fish in the water gleam
By silver reeds in a silver stream."

This poet, be it noted, is completely master of his elfin tool—the very Puck of the alphabet. Far from allowing it to run amok, as did more than once great Coleridge himself, to the killing of his music, he puts it through the prettiest of paces. A chime! Why not? The child is at the Barber's:

"Snip-snap and snick-a-snick.

A silver groat to pay,
Then out a-shin-shan-shining
In the bright blue day".

In the pieces the merely gay, and the false, Faërie throng and jostle each other. "Crier Hobgoblin" has made "the fairy Oyes", and, like bees that swarm, they come tumbling forth: Ride-by-Nights, Peak the Changeling, Follets the Haunters, Ogres, Giants, Dwarfs. There are beautiful and tender imaginings also, and the jolliest rhymes for children of babes and beasts and birds. Only, from covers to covers, the most captious critic may hardly find a poem that is not a joy to meet and to keep.

THE SACRED FLAME.

"A Soldier's Book of Love Poems." Arranged by Godfrey Locker-Lampson. Humphreys. 3s. 6d. net.

EVERYONE who chooses and arranges an anthology of English verse lays himself open to the rebuke of some omission or other. Palgrave, who, after all, has not been surpassed, if matched, in anthology, erred in this, for he gave so much of Wordsworth that he could not find room even for Keats's marvellous sonnet on "Sleep", for instance. And here is Mr. Locker-Lampson denying Landor, of all poets, a place in a selection of a hundred and thirty-one love poems. He has a place for Owen Meredith and for Lord Houghton, he has a place for Mr. Le Gallienne, but not for the author of the enchanted little series of lines on Ianthe. We have not Ianthe lightly advancing through her star-trimmed crowd—who that cares for exquisite verse, and is haunted by its faint, distant airs, has not pictured her so?—nor Ianthe mocking at her lover for writing her name on the soft sea sand. We believe we have noticed the same omission in other anthologies of passion, yet what passion and what pain there is in Landor's love lines, with their "Deceive, deceive me

once again!" In a future edition Mr. Locker-Lampson might correct this lapse, and it is worth correcting, for the little book is finely put together, though we could do with one or, possibly, two of the modern's confectionery. He has introduced us, as did Mr. Maurice Baring lately, to one or two strangers worth meeting: that is the desire of every anthologist; it is his precious treasure-trove, and we often fancy we can detect the pride and care with which he conveys it to us, like those priceless bottles from "The Egoist's" cellar. But it is the reintroduction to the old friends which is the more welcome experience. We notice that they have not changed a hair since we first met them in the anthology of our own youth; and if we can appreciate them as we did in those days, are we as changed as we often seem? That suggestion flatters us and steals us away a little from the unilluminated days and brassy occupations that follow the time of youth. Mr. Locker-Lampson has arranged his lines "to help the younger section of the reading public—especially that romantic youth of our country who have gone abroad to fight its battles—to appreciate in a convenient form the finest of our love lyrics, and enable them to discriminate between the first and the second rate"; and the romantic youth he caters for is extraordinarily inclined to poetry. Scores and hundreds of men in the trenches and dug-outs on the British Front and in France to-day, as well as in the East, are writing verses, and really good verses, which would certainly have never entered their minds in peace occupations at home. Not one of them has equalled Julian Grenfell's poem on the joy of battle, for that seems to have been simply a work of inspiration, and is sure to pass into the enduring part of literature; but there are sundry others who have written things that haunt the imagination—if we may say so, one or two of the verses of Siegfried Sassoon, of H. Bagenal, which have been printed within the last two years in this REVIEW.

There are true poets at the Front to-day, though Julian Grenfell and Rupert Brooke sing no more, and we hope that some deft hand will at the close of the war make a full anthology out of their songs, which are spontaneous as the linnet's—"I do but sing because I must". Meanwhile, here are models for those who may appear later in that book and for many another who will never venture to set pen to paper. Here is "Prothalamium" once again, and it can never be too often. Three English poets have written magic of the Thames, Arnold, Denham—four immortal lines in "Cooper's Hill"—and Spenser; and of these we fancy we can see and hear the flow of the stream most clearly in Spenser. Mr. Locker-Lampson has some doubt whether "Prothalamium" is a love lyric. We confess it would never have occurred to us to doubt it. "Tears, idle tears", on the other hand, which he includes without misgiving, is a poem we had never thought of in this connection. We do not believe it is a love lyric at all, but think he was quite right to include it! The poem is all magic.

Here in Mr. Locker-Lampson's choice selection are lines that go inevitably into every excellent anthology of English verse, love or other: "Go, lovely Rose"; "Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind"; "When Love with unconfined wings". Here, too, is Montrose's "I'll never love thee more", which is not found in every such anthology, and yet, we should say, deserves to be. Mr. Locker-Lampson includes the poem: it must surely have gone hard with Palgrave to pass by this proud and lovely thing.

AN ENTERPRISING TRAVELLER.

"Across Asia Minor on Foot." By W. J. Childs. With Illustrations. Blackwood. 15s. net.

THE mass of detail which has come out of the author's diary is somewhat difficult to grasp and judge as a whole. The book lacks the excitement of brigandage, murder, and abduction which point the morals and adorn the narratives of some travellers; but

it is not the less valuable on that account. Indeed, to travel 1,300 miles on foot, taking five months over the route, is a more enlightening process than to go on horseback or with such a train of followers as reduces the need for politeness or caution. Mr. Childs attempted to go in the peasant manner, selected khans for the night at which the average traveller would sniff literally and metaphorically, and though he had a revolver, and was once, at least, in a row which began to look nasty, he had no occasion to use it, and made his way among the doubtful company to be met on Eastern highways and byways with remarkable facility. He could not, of course, really be regarded as a peasant. The mere fact that he was an Englishman secured him good treatment everywhere. He is quite right in emphasising the good feelings of the Turks before the war. Even in war time they are capable of dropping cigarettes for our wounded.

His route, which was from Samsun, on the Black Sea, to Tarsus, and round by an extra loop to Alexandretta, brought him across a great variety of persons and places, and everywhere he found kindness and hospitality. The suspicions which might have been natural hardly ever disturbed his arrangements, and he was fortunate in the natives he chose as guides and servants. The most picturesque and effective of these was clearly Igshan, who might have seemed at first sight to be past the strenuous activities of travel, but proved to be a great soul, full of concern for his own and his master's dignity, and justified in his confidence on occasions where any European might have been in doubt. If the journey had no unpleasant results, this is a tribute to the author's personality as well as the efficiency of his companions, for he visited districts where armed resistance was being put down by the authorities, took photographs and notes everywhere, and did not pay extravagant sums in baksheesh. The belief in the Evil Eye is universal in the East, and it might well lurk in a camera. However, the author was judicious in his advances and retirements, and he had a good store of his own food. Not that native dishes are to be despised. There are sweets more palatable than the "Turkish delight", and the preparation of milk known as "yoghourt" is quite good, not to be confounded, says the author, with the vile acid sold in England under that name. Nearly in the middle of his route—at Sivas—the author came across English jam and Worcester sauce, the remnants of food ordered by banished pashas! They disappeared when Abdul Hamid was deposed, but left these luxuries behind them.

Asia Minor is as rich in romantic associations as any region of the world, and Mr. Childs is full of history, which ranges from Timur the Tartar to Julius Cæsar and St. Paul, of course, at Tarsus. The types of face he mentions are equally varied, some strangely like our own East Coast fishermen, others Mongolian, and even Assyrian. Catholic in his views, as a rule, the author confesses to a rooted objection to the Kurd, in whom he discovers "a cunning and cruelty to be found in no other race". He adds to a considerable body of unfavourable opinion when he dwells on the disabilities of the Armenians:

"That this industrious and not unwarlike people should have got so hopelessly under the Turkish heel is chiefly due to a single infirmity of nature. They are prone to falling out among themselves, and, as good haters, have ever been slow to lay aside personal animosities in order to show a united front against their common enemy. With such an unhappy faculty for dissension they combine one or two other characteristics which help to make resistance to the Turk almost futile."

An Oriental proverb dwells on their love of gain, which, carried to excess, has never been a popular quality in any part of the world. Resistance is certainly futile if many Armenians are satisfied, like the one the author met, with pistols carried for show, which jam after a few rounds. Of special interest to-day are the impressions of Turkish officers and of the Baghdad Railway. Mr. Childs says plainly that

the Central Powers and Asia Minor must be "politically wedged apart and sundered beyond hope of the road to expansion in the East ever being open again". So long as Germany retains this way to the East, whatever she suffers elsewhere, she will, in his view, be the true victor.

The illustrations are attractive, but we are rather surprised that an obviously competent writer has forgotten the detail of an index.

ONCE A MONTH.

The "Cornhill" opens with a poem by F., "Piccadilly—1916", which puts with an apt sense of vision the contrast of the brief hour of pleasure with the business of to-morrow:

"To hear the bugle and the drum,
The cannon's roundelay,
Until the cold flood-waters come
And sweep us all away".

Mrs. Katharine Tynan writes an effective and moving record of "Two Brothers: Lord Elcho and Lord Charteris", calling attention to the great letters which the young man in this war has written, letters surprisingly mature, beautifully free from self-consciousness, and rich in adoration of home and mothers. Mr. Horatio F. Brown's "Venice in Wartime" is all too short, for he writes with the sure knowledge of an intimate. "The Old Contemptibles: A Raid", is by Mr. Boyd Cable. That is enough to put the reader on to it. "A Route Report", by Sir J. George Scott is full of entertainment, and presents us with the epigram that "*Kultur* is the antithesis of *bushido*". "In an Airship Factory: Making the Envelopes", by Mrs. F. N. Osborne, shows how the working girls have settled down to a new business and how they amuse themselves in their leisure. Gaiety is not wanting in working hours, and is provided, we learn, by a funny little man who plays the fool to amuse the girls, though "his real name is a dignified one with a flavour of ancient lineage". "Jack at War", by "Fleet-Surgeon", gives us an insight into the feelings of the sailor. He abominates a slacker, and is a keen critic of his officers, whom he trusts wholeheartedly but not blindly. "And if the officer is not careful he will find his men taking charge of him".

The "National Review" has some comments which are both useful and pungent in its "Episodes of the Month". We welcome the remarks on the "Haig Interview" and on the spirit in which the progress of the war should be considered, a point on which the Editor has some sensible words in a later signed article. As for the new Government it "is neither infallible nor indispensable, but, at any rate, its head is set in the right direction; it realises that we are at war and that everything should be subordinated to victory". The "Crabbers" receive a word of rebuke which is timely. "The Truth about Germany" is an attempt based upon trustworthy sources, public and private, to see things as they really are in that country. The economic situation of our enemies is such to-day that it is impossible for them to conceal significant hints of difficulties. "But no serious student of Germany would go so far as to say that hunger will shortly bring Germany to her knees and compel her to accept the terms of the Allies". "My Friend the Pig" is an excellent piece of writing by Mr. W. H. Hudson. It was a real pig that he befriended, and incidentally he makes an ingenious plea for the positive merits of a short-lived animal which pig-stickers in India know to be one of the bravest of beasts. For Mr. Eustace Miles "The First Wealth", as might be expected, is health, and there is much in what he says. The public needs to be educated in food-values.

In "Blackwood" "Odysseus" continues his vivid views of "The Scene of War" and "Zeros" gives us the milder excitement of a "Tour with an Indian Proconsul". "G.", on "Some Aspects of German War Literature" should aid the ordinary reader to realise the differences between the German standpoint and our own. Ignorance on this point has caused a great waste of ink and paper. Sir Hugh Clifford's story, "The Other Master", introduces us to the Gold Coast and the ghost of a dead administrator. It is an ingenious study in the power of suggestion on the human mind. "The First Week of the Great Push" tells of the tense, suppressed excitement with which the advance of last July was viewed in a hospital behind the French front and of the strenuous and trying work which followed. The favourite article in the number will, we think, be "An Airman's Outings", by "Contact", a record full of light-hearted bravery and amazing resource. These fights in the air are immense, and the narrative from the moment when "I spotted six craft bearing towards us from a great height" is one of the most striking we have read of late. Here is a view of the perilous return to headquarters which ends the article:

"Archie then gave a wonderful display. One of his bombs swept the left aileron from the leader's machine, which banked vertically, almost rolled over and began to spin. For two thousand feet the irregular drop continued, and the observer gave up hope".

But the pilot was equal to the occasion, juggled with his rudder-controls, and saved disaster, the observer leaning far out to the right to restore equilibrium, one of the oldest jobs, we imagine, that a man has ever carried through.

In the "Nineteenth Century" Mr. Herbert Samuel leads off with "The Organisation of the Empire: A Suggestion". He proposes an Assembly which will combine the work of home affairs and give due weight to the ideas and wishes of our Dominions. Some such arrangement clearly must come in the future, and Mr. Samuel's judicious proposals are a welcome sign of the thought that is being applied to the problem. The number is well varied, and includes some striking articles on the home life of to-day. Miss Edith Sellers shows how war conditions, especially with regard to food and coal, are affecting the poorer class of women, and Miss M. H. Mason has a severe indictment of the extravagance and waste of female fashion in dress. Mr. H. F. Wyatt concludes his noteworthy contribution to the question of survival after death. Mr. Oscar Browning on "The Position of Shakespeare in England" protests much, but is rather vague. Brigadier-General Stone concludes the number with "An Illusion of To-day", which is a well-justified description of "Leagues to Enforce Peace". He shows clearly and trenchantly from the history of yesterday and to-day, and pronouncements of leading politicians, what we are to expect if we are duped by any such ideas. Germany has declared her willingness to place herself at the head of an International League of Peace. But the British lamb is not quite so ready as it was to make arrangements to facilitate the high-souled measures of the wolf.

The "Fortnightly" has an admirable and entertaining tribute by Mr. Gosse to "Lord Cromer as a Man of Letters". We should be glad to see the verses and translations he speaks of. Mr. W. L. Courtney begins an interesting parallel between "Thomas Hardy and Æschylus," which is mainly, so far, concerned with the theology of the Greek poet. The two masters are both, as Mr. Courtney says, "very anxious to explain to us their view of the way the world is governed". But their message to the world

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The ever-readiness of gas fires, valuable also from the doctor's point of view, is an advantage which may, moreover, be envisaged from the angle of economy by householders. It is a great consideration to be able to command a healthy warmth at will; it is at least as great a boon to be in a position, by the turning of a tap, to limit fuel consumption to the actual requirements of efficiency and comfort.

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is widely different. Mr. W. F. Bailey and Jean V. Bates continue their vivid views of little-known country in "Bukovina—the Land of the Beeches", and Mr. Granville Barker goes on with his quaintly effective record of "Souls on Fifth". "Auditor Tantum" takes his usual critical view of "New Ministers at Work", and writes sound sense about the need for drastic action, and for a quickening of the public conscience in the matter of the Food Controller's orders. "Politician" also deals with "The Food Problem and its Solution", calling attention to some of the anomalies which pass without comment in our ordinary life to-day.

"Nominally, there is a great and universal scarcity of labour in the United Kingdom", but "Labour is still wasted in every direction". Able-bodied boys and men may be seen selling flowers and newspapers. Why should not the public rely on the bookstalls and regular newsagents? In the cheap restaurants carrying food from the counter to the customers takes an immense amount of labour and time. The United States and Canada have no such waiters and waitresses. "The customers fetch the food they require from the counter, receive a check, and pay on going out." Here is a practical suggestion more to the point than the jeremiads of political writers on the mistakes of the past. "The History of the War", which concludes the number, is, as usual, excellent and well provided with maps.

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THE operations of this company are now so vast that its experience under war conditions is almost certain to prove to have been that of most offices transacting both ordinary and industrial business. Last year assurances of the ordinary type were in much less request than in either of the three preceding years, and there was also a visible shrinkage in the demand for industrial policies. The effect on the two sections of the business was, however, by no means equal. In the ordinary branch the increase of the premium income was relatively small, £72,654 comparing with £121,891 in 1915, £115,107 in 1914, and £93,525 in 1913, whereas the industrial premiums increased by £391,660, against £329,861, £301,746, and £81,894 in those three years respectively. The cause of this anomalous experience has not fully been explained, but it may be concluded that the higher rates of wages ruling in 1916, coupled with the provisions of the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act, 1914, enabled the working classes to retain their policies more freely than in the past. It is also probable, on the other hand, that many supporters of the ordinary branch were either financially distressed or were compelled to sacrifice their policies on being called to the Colours, not having paid an extra premium to cover naval or military service.

Whatever may have been the cause of the changes which have occurred, it is evident that in each of the last three years the industrial branch was exceptionally progressive, the accounts showing that in that brief period the number of policies in force increased from 19,778,135 to 21,305,330, and the total premiums from £7,874,456 to £8,897,723, or by more than a million pounds. Compared with these increases, the expansion of the ordinary business, although satisfactory, was somewhat subdued, policies increasing from 917,091 to 932,539 in number, and premiums from £4,920,518 to £5,230,170 in amount.

In the case of the interest receipts, which are obviously

of the utmost importance to the holders of policies participating in profits, the administration of the ordinary branch during the three years was, on the other hand, most successful, and with the return of normal conditions the company will probably be able to pay higher bonuses than before war broke out. In 1913 the gross return on the investments of this branch was £1,856,182, and this was reduced to £1,773,248 by income tax deductions. Last year, however, the gross receipts from this source amounted to £2,231,577, and £1,882,865 was left to the company after the duty had been paid. A net expansion of nearly £110,000 had thus occurred, notwithstanding the great rise in the rate of income tax which had been necessitated by our national needs. The Actuary's valuation reports show that the net rate earned last year was £3 18s. per cent., or nine-tenths of one per cent. above the rate assumed when calculating future liabilities. The proportion of the interest available for surplus is, therefore, still very liberal, and is practically as large as it was in pre-war years, successive former percentages having been £3 16s. 3d. in 1911, £3 17s. 4d. in 1912, and £3 19s. 1d. in 1913.

In view of this fact, the existence of a large surplus on 31 December last is not surprising, although war mortality had just added £249,689 to the amount of the ordinary claims, and £348,712 had been required for income tax. Apart from exceptional drains on its resources, the ordinary branch was thoroughly prosperous last year. Interest receipts substantially increased, and the effective rate earned was 1s. 3d. per cent. higher than in 1915. Furthermore, the normal claim experience was satisfactory. Deducting war claims, those due to mortality were only £1,305,039, and compared with £1,338,987 in 1915, £1,219,640 in 1914, and £1,124,774 in the last pre-war year. The rise which had occurred between 1913 and 1916 was therefore not considerable, and it would be explained by the increased age and natural growth of the business; indeed, it is conceivable that the mortality profit of the later year was the larger of the two.

What has just been said about the ordinary business can with equal truth be said in regard to the industrial branch. Although owing to Stock Exchange depression, war mortality, increased taxation, and the effects of emergency legislation the amount of the surplus has diminished, it is still considerable by comparison with the net liability shown by the valuation. It is similarly obvious that the net return on the investments is somewhat greater than it was a few years ago; also that the burden of expenditure on the premium income—38·17 per cent. last year—is lighter than it used to be. In two important respects, therefore, the work of the last few years had led to improvements. Nor has the vitality of the assured in any way lessened. When war claims are excluded the mortality claims (excluding bonuses) are found to have been £2,714,123 in 1913, £2,902,107 in 1914, £3,088,073 in 1915, and £2,899,753 last year, when the amount at risk was not only much larger, but both the average duration of the policies and the average age of the assured was approximately six months greater.

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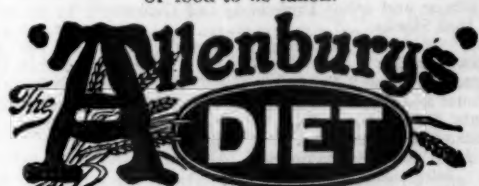
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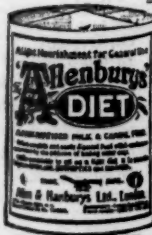
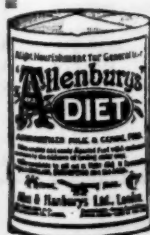


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EXTRACT FROM THE ANNUAL REPORT,

FOR THE YEAR ENDING 31st DECEMBER, 1916.

ORDINARY BRANCH.—The number of Policies issued during the year was 32,660 assuring the sum of £2,829,279 11s. 8d. and producing a yearly renewal Premium Income of £135,047 9s. 1d. The single Premiums amounted to £596,757 7s. 0d. The Premium Income for the year was £1,871,700 19s. 4d., being an increase of £309,388 16s. 10d., as compared with the previous year. The increase in the Premium Income—excluding Single Premiums—amounted to £37,410 6s. 1d., when contrasted with the previous year. The amount paid in respect of Claims was £711,904 14s. 8d.

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH.—The Premium Income for the year amounted to £2,337,087 18s. 3d., being an increase of £54,434 14s. 3d. over the previous year. The amount paid in respect of Claims was £1,173,288 3s. 0d.

The aggregate Premium Income of both Branches for the year was £4,208,788 17s. 7d., showing an increase of £363,843 11s. 1d. over the previous year. The premium Income in respect to both Branches—excluding Single Premiums—represents an increase of £91,865 0s. 4d., when contrasted with the previous year.

The total amount of Claims paid in both Branches since the establishment of the Company is £23,953,984 8s. 2½d.

The total funds of the Company amount to £13,728,836 17s. 3d., representing an increase during the year of £1,487,949 19s. 6½d.

General Balance Sheet of the Refuge Assurance Company Limited for the Year ending 31st December, 1916.

LIABILITIES.		£	s.	d.	ASSETS—Continued.		£	s.	d.
Shareholders' Capital, paid up	300,000	0	0	Railway and other Debentures and Deben-	...			
Ordinary Branch Assurance Fund	9,836,864	7	5	ture Stocks—Home and Foreign ...	3,267,762	13	7	
Ordinary Branch Investments Reserve Fund...	...	345,000	0	0	Railway and other Preference and Guarant-	...			
Industrial Branch Assurance Fund	3,176,972	9	10	eed Stocks ...	392,527	14	4	
Industrial Branch Investments Reserve Fund	...	70,000	0	0	Do. and other Ordinary Stocks ...	35,196	2	6	
		£13,728,836	17	3	Rent Charges ...	68,248	18	0	
					Freehold Ground Rents ...	9,812	12	3	
					House and Office Property ...	931,843	12	11	
					Agents' Balances ...	70,404	9	6	
					Outstanding Premiums ...	£364,829	3	0	
					Less Abatement to provide,				
					inter alia, for Loss of				
					Revenue occasioned by				
					the operation of the				
					Courts (Emergency				
					Powers) Act, 1914 ...	156,093	0	8	
						208,736	2	4	
					Do. Interest, Dividends, and Rents				
					(less Income Tax) ...	19,825	17	1	
					Interest accrued but not payable (less Income				
					Tax) ...	107,773	0	7	
					CASH:				
					On Deposit ...	312,500	0	0	
					In hand and on Current Account ...	109,770	3	4	
					Furniture and Fixtures ...	57,767	3	4	
						£13,728,836	17	3	

PHILIP SMITH, } Managing Directors.
JAMES S. PROCTOR, }
ROBERT MOSS, Secretary. J. PROCTOR GREEN, } General Managers.
W. H. ALDCROFT, F.I.A., } HENRY THORNTON, } Directors.
JNO. T. SHUTT, }

We report that we have audited the foregoing Balance Sheet and have obtained all the information and explanations we have required. In our opinion the said Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the Books of the Company.

We have examined the Cash transactions (Receipts and Payments) affecting the Accounts of the Company's Assets and Investments for the year ending 31st December, 1916, and we find the same in good order and properly vouched. We have also examined the Deeds and other securities representing the Assets and Investments stated in the foregoing Balance Sheet and we certify that they remained in the Company's possession and safe custody on the 31st of December, 1916.

Manchester, 20th February, 1917.

T. WALTON, F.C.A., } Auditors.
H. B. WALTON, F.C.A., }
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Extracts from the DIRECTORS' REPORT for the Year 1916.

The Directors have much pleasure in announcing that, notwithstanding the abnormal financial and economic conditions created by the war, the transactions for the year just ended have resulted in **SUBSTANTIAL ADDITIONS** to the Company's **PREMIUM INCOME** and to the **ACCUMULATED FUNDS**.

The heavy depletion of the Company's Staff has rendered the conduct of the business exceptionally arduous, and that these results should have been achieved under such adverse conditions bears emphatic testimony to the patriotism and devotion of those left to carry on the Company's operations.

The Directors have continued to **HONOUR IN FULL** all contracts existing at the outbreak of War in respect of Policyholders then serving in or subsequently joining H.M. Forces, **WITHOUT ANY INCREASE IN THE PREMIUM RATES**. The total sum paid to date in respect of **WAR CLAIMS** amounts to over £80,000.

The Directors have deemed it their duty to respond to the National appeal for funds for the prosecution of the War to a successful issue, by increasing the Company's holding in **BRITISH GOVERNMENT SECURITIES** to over £1,000,000 Sterling.

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE.—The Gross Income amounted to £1,583,901. The Total Outgo amounted to £1,316,975, leaving a **SURPLUS BALANCE** on the year's accounts of £266,926. Out of this the sum of £52,461 has been written off Stock Exchange Securities and other Investments, etc., leaving a **NET ADDITION** to the **FUNDS** of £214,465.

TOTAL CLAIMS PAID.—The Claims paid during the year, including £243,634 under Maturing Endowment, Endowment Assurance and Sinking Fund Policies, amounted to £797,793, which, added to the sums previously paid, makes a **TOTAL** of £11,648,360 paid by the Company up to 31st December, 1916.

JNO. A. JEFFERSON, F.I.A., *General Manager*
J. MURRAY LAING, F.I.A., *Secretary*.

Birmingham, February, 1917.

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